

ORINTHIA's Miscellanies :

OR, A

Compleat COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S,

Never before Published.

By ELIZABETH TEFT of Lincoln.

*Go, Infant Offspring of my pregnant Brains,
Intreat the Britons with Postick Strains,
With Humble Silver to Reward my Pains. }
Say, to Oblige them was my sole Intent,
And Three and Six-pence may be much worse spent.*



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XLVII.

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4k

Ge. 1st of Spring, by George W. Burton,
Advent, by Burton and George W. Burton,
The House is covered by Rain,
The House is covered by Rain,
The House is covered by Rain,
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ORINTHIA's Miscellanies :

OR, A

Compleat **COLLECTION**

OF

P O E M S, &c.

CONVERSATION with a FRIEND,
on advising the Author to Publish her
Works.

DImiss'd from Bus'ness, I propos'd to spend
 A chearful Hour with a candid Friend,
 Who only to myself my Errors blames,
 But ev'ry Virtue to the World proclaims.
 Thus she began: " Ah! could I think to find
 " Ingratitude in my *Orinthia's* Mind?"

' Ingrate ! (said I) think not this Crimson Tide
 ' Proceeds from Anger, conscious Guilt, or Pride ;
 ' Nor doubt that Truth which from your Lips did ^{flow,}
 ' But want of Knowledge right myself to know.
 ' Say you, whose Penetration can find out
 ' The deep Recesses of my inmost Thought,
 ' Your quick-ey'd Friendship was by Heav'n design'd
 ' To rule and rectify my erring Mind,
 ' Cherish my Virtues, and my Faults reprove,
 ' Sweet Indication of exalted Love.

' Dear Madam, say in what my Error lies,
 ' That it may justly fall your Sacrifice.

She thus reply'd : " 'Tis in a three-fold Sense,
 " Against Yourself, your Friend, and Providence.

" The last I first begin with — You despise

" The Talent given by the Great All-wise,

" As Lands uncultivated barren grow,

" And Gems unpolish'd, few their Value know,

" To you your Talent is as useless found,

" Wrapt in a Napkin, bury'd under Ground.

" Think

" Think of the Words of him we all adore, T
 " And to your Talent gain one Talent more. A
 " You next transgress 'gainst Friendship's sacred T
 [Laws,
 " And loudly she proclaims her injur'd Cause. T
 " 'Twon'd joy her much to sooth each anxious Care,
 " Banish your Grief, or bear an equal Share : T
 " How pleasing wou'd these sweet Endeavours prove
 " To mend your Fortune, and display her Love !
 " Nor let the Obligation you affright, B
 " The pleasing Task o'er pays her with Delight T
 " Prithee, my Dear, let all Disputes have End W
 " When she entreats, you ought to condescend T
 " Now your neglected Self be pleas'd to view, I
 " Self-Foe, self-wrong'd, self-robb'd of what's your Due ;
 " Obstruct the Means which are as Blessings sent
 " Then sighing cry, *I've learnt to be Content* ! W
 " None with a better Grace does Friendly Things,
 " Exulting Joy thro' ev'ry Feature springs, T
 " Your most exalted Pleasure is to please, T
 " 'Twou'd bear some Ill, to give the Wretched Ease.

" Then why shou'd you suspect but others wou'd
 " As gladly do you Service, if they cou'd? And
 " Are not our Souls as near to Heav'n ally'd?
 " Indeed, *Orinibia*, is the Result of Pride:
 " For Modesty cannot forbid your Friend
 " To use her best Efforts your State to mend.
 " Thus reply'd: Madam, to what you've said
 " My Answer is, that you shall be obey'd;
 " Be't Ill or Well, I never once repine,
 " Tho't prove the first, the last was your Design.
 " Was I resolv'd, the Resolution shakes.
 " Must I proceed? Oh, how my Bosom akes!
 " Let me again reflect ere tis too late,
 " This seems the very Crisis of my Fate.
 " Dare I send forth unlearn'd, unpolish'd Lines,
 " Where Learning, Wit, and brightest Genius shines?
 " The great Judicious at my Folly smile,
 " The Criticks damn my Verse, and simple Style;
 " The giddy Populace, as is their Rule,
 " Laugh at they know not what, and call me Fool:

Them."

A

And

- * And conscious to myself I merit Blame,
 * (Severe Reflection! I shall dye with Shame!)
 * Expose my Follies as to publick Sale,
 * Who purchase most, most in their Purchase fail.
 * Oh! painful Thought! be what I most despise,
 * A Fool conspicuous, apeing to be wise?
 * Thus noble Pride contends with sordid Gain,
 * 'Tis all the same, simple Nature to seem vain,
 * And sell her honest Poverty for Shame,
 * Next Virgin Modesty's soft Pleadings hear,
 * Vain-glorious Rivalship she scorns to bear,
 * And thinks this Scheme her hated Garments wear.
 * Why act I then 'gainst cogent Reason's Voice?
 * *De* and *per sist* are both within my Choice.
 * Thy Choice! (crys Friendship) when thy Word
 [is given,
 * Break that with me, thou'lt do the same with
 [Heav'n.
 * A Promise broke, wounds sacred Honour more,
 * Than to proceed hurts all you've nam'd before.
 * For want of Learning, all Allowance make,
 * Some will indulge you for your Sex's Sake.

" POPE shines resplendent in his learned Days; A
 " Illiterate DUCK can boast an equal Praise; (S)
 " Soon as his Numbers reach'd the Royal Ear, E
 " Her Bounty rais'd him to a higher Sphere. W
 " Doubtless your Verse will meet a kind Reward;
 " Instead of Censure, generous Regard. — A
 { Do as you please; but on my Word depend, T
 { If you desire, you lose in me a Friend. T
 { To lose my Friend, the worst of Ills must prove; A
 { I sacrifice my Scruples to your Love. N
 { Vain-glorious Rivalship the lesson to bear, N
 { And think his scornful frown a punishment wear. A

Why art I then, gainst cogent Reason's Voice?

ON LEARNING.

Do and be both within my Choice.

Desired by a GENTLEMAN. Thy Choice! (cries Friendship) when thy Word
(is given, Break that with me; thou'lt do the same with
me.)

WELL Ignorance, the Cause is yet unknown

Why thou'rt confin'd unto my Sex alone.

Why are not Girls, as Boys, sent forth when young

To learn the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Tongue?

" Pope

A

I the

I the first Founders of great Rome wou'd know,
 Their Funeral Piles, their mounting Eagles too,
 Wou'd trace thro' *Greece*, thro' *Asia*, and old *Troy*,
 For potent Wonders give a Reason, why,
 Search out the Nature of all Things below;
 From what great Causes dire Effects do flow;
 In Conference with deathless *Homer*, be,
 Read *Virgil's* Thoughts, and *Milton's* Poetry;
 Study the Actions of the bravest Men,
 Copy their Worth, and shine as bright as them,
 Good, Great, and Brave, these are such envy'd
 Me, Hero like, a Martial Spirit warms.
 And yet methinks I wou'd not be a Man,
 No not to put Imperial Purple on;
 I'd rather be the foolish Thing I am.
 Our Sex against you justly may exclaim,
 To link our Knowledge to so short a Chain;
 Cowards, you fear, had we full Lengths to run,
 We shou'd eclipse your Star-light with our Sun.
 We

We in their native Dress our Thoughts impart;
 Yours deck'd with Learning, and adorn'd with Art.
 Every Error generously excuse,
 Confide, Sir, a simple Virgin's Muse.

The VIRGIN'S WISH.

BE my fair Dwelling near a pleasant Spring,
 Shaded with Trees, where Birds in Consort
 Nature, to please me, all her Skill imparts
 Form a sweet Garden without Help of Art
 With Fruits and Flowers compos'd, and, ^{Streams,} purling
 Such as the Poets write, and Lover dreams
 Just in the Midst a rising Mount thou'd stand,
 Which may the Prospect of the Sea command
 Let Pines and odoriferous Roses grow
 And all the Sweets which Nature can bestow
 This at Midnight thou'd be my cool Retreat,
 This shade me from the Sun's too scorching Heat.

My

My Diet plain, exactly dine at Two;
 No simple Fricassée, nor strong Ragout;
 The Cloth withdrawn, a Glass of Wine I'd choos'd,
 To clear my Notions, and inspire my Muse;
 Relieve my Eyes, and set my Needle free;
 At Five regale myself with harmless Tea;
 Till Seven read, and then my Walk begin;
 The Clock strikes Eight, and Supper calls me in;
 Hold Chat till Ten, then to my Closet go;
 But my true Hour of Bed, I do not know.
 Modestly negligent shou'd be my Dress,
 Not over plain, nor fine to an Excess.

Brussels, in vain shou'd all thy Art be shewn,
 With beauteous Flow'rs I my Head wou'd crown;
 Nor Point, nor *Meublin* on my Face wou'd wear;
 But careless Ringlets of my well-curl'd Hair.

All Sons of *Adam* here excluded be;
 (Pardon, *SHAMOUNT*, I had forgotten thee;
 Thou as a Friend, my Failings may'st reprove,
 Farewel for ever if you talk of Love.)

No surly Husband, to create me Cares;
 No Tyrant Lord, to rule my State Affairs;
 Uncontradicted Queen of these dear Shades;
 My whole Retinue be three Serving Maids;
 To make my Joys compleat, good Heav'n send
 A faithful, imodeest, chearful, Female Friend;
 To her without Reserve I wou'd impart
 The very inmost Secrets of my Heart;
 Adore the God whose Dwelling is on high,
 Here live obscurely, here obscurely dye.
 Modestly negligent shou'd be my Dye,

ORINTHIA's *Choice of a HUSBAND.*

WHEN with my Heart I give my Virgin
 [Vows,
 Nature with spotless Beauty deck my Spouse;
 Let smiling Muses on his Temples sit,
 Apollo tune his Voice, and point his Wit;
 Wife as the Serpent, peacefull as the Dove,
 Brave as the Bravest, fond as Infant Love;

Religion's easy Bands his Passions bind,
 Virtue and Honour influence his Mind;
 Soul truly Great, no Pride nor Avarice there;
 Friend to the Friendless, and 'as Heav'n sincere;
 Reprove my Follies, and my Virtues praise;
 Those in close Whispers, these in tuneful Lays;
 Easy his Air, genteelly neat his Dress;
 Deny the Fop, the Man of Sense confess;
 His Converse charming, Mind serenely gay,
 These, these are Beauties Age cannot decay.
 This granted, still I importune my Fate
 That he be finish'd with a good Estate;
 This worthy Man my every Wish shou'd rule;
 Death, hide me from a proud ill-natur'd Fool.

Of Father's Chastity, that him the Plain
 Time, distress'd Hours with most sublime Delight,
 With Joy the Day, with peaceful Sleep the Night,
 The Journey at a Period, may the end
 All Things concerning better than design'd.
 On
 Success

On a FRIEND'S taking a JOURNEY.

BE all serene, thou dull inclement Sky;
 Be hush, ye Winds; Avenues all, be dry;
 Nor you, ye Roads, your rugged Garments wear;
 Let Nature in her blooming Spring appear;
 Be swift, ye Steeds; smoothly, ye Wheels, turn round,
 And each Material in true Order found.
 Fair Orb of Warmth, thy gentle Influence shed,
 And sporting Zephyrs, play around her Head;
 Thou sweet Composer, be her Mind's fair Guest,
 And cheerful Peace inhabit in her Breast;
 With Notes harmonious charm her, O ye Train
 Of Feather'd Choristers, that skim the Plain.
 Time, dress her Hours with most sublime Delight,
 With Joy the Day, with peaceful Sleep the Night,
 The Journey at a Period, may she find
 All Things concurring better than design'd.

Success

Succes and lasting Plenty crown her State,
 Long Life, Joy-giving Health her Person wait,
 Blest in each Wish, return, return, my Friend,
 And do not long our meeting Joys suspend;

*To the Unjust Author of PAMELA
 in High Life.*

PLease to inform me, Sir, in what Regard
 The lovely *Pamela* meets her Reward:
 I've read each Line, view'd her in ev'ry State,
 Find her most Wretched when I see her Great.
 Her Angel Form you gave to Mr. B——,
 He fetters her with gilded Slavery;
 Like *Phaëton*, unskilful in Command,
 Now gives a Loose, now keeps too strait a Hand.
 Jealous of the Invasion of his Right,
 He always holds the Reins of Power too tight;
 But to his Passions, Pride, and hot Desire,
 He gives a Loose, which sets his Sould on Fire.

Nicely

Nicely severe to his all-perfect Spouse,
 But pardons in Himself the Breach of Vows;
 Her Soul the Seat of true Angelick Love,
 Where jointly reign the Serpent and the Dove,
 Lovely as *Paradise* in its gay Spring,

Ere Man transgress'd the Will of Heav'n's King;
 This vast Profusion of attractive Charms
 Fails to secure him constant to her Arms!
 Ye Powers, in Pity shew us more Regard,
 Than let our Virtue meet such harsh Reward!

On FLATTERY.

FLATTERY's a pleasing but a dang'rous Snare,
 Set to intangle the believing Fair;
 Impious Falshood, drest in seeming Truth;
 'Tis gilded Ruin to allure our Youth.
 Witty Deceit is its Original,
 The Spawn of Satan, and the Child of Hell,

Perni-

Pernicious Joy, in consequence all curst,
 To weak Believers of all Ills the worst ;
 The Bane of Peace, destructive Foe to Rest,
 Court the more friendly Serpent to your Breast,
 Both Stings compar'd, the latter's but a Jest.
 Fly the bewitching Siren, oh ye Fair !
 Lost to herself's that Victim falls to her.
 She rivals Death in royal Dignity,
 He Terror's King, but greater Empress she.
 True, he can bid our Vital's Torrent cease ;
 She wounds the Soul, and murders all her Peace.
 This by Conjecture, not Experience taught,
 I ne'er had Charms to raise a flatt'ring Thought.
 If ere the soft Invader gave me Joy,
 My Glass convinc'd me it was all a Lye :
 Thank thee for thy Conviction, O my Friend !
 Thus the just Guardian does his Charge defend
 From giddy Pleasures, fatal in the End,

ORINTHIA *reprov'd by her MUSE.*

IN what, *Orinthia*, have I injur'd thee,
 That thus thou shutt'st the Door of Thought on
 Say, why am I prohibited thy Breast,
 Affign'd by Heav'n my Asylum of Rest?
 How err'd, that now I'm exil'd from my Home?
 I sooth'd thy Cares; and gave Offence to none;
 No Theme gave Joy like Praise of true Desert,
 Nor Hate, nor Envy, made my Satire sharp;
 Flew to admire, but slowly crept to blame,
 Equally scorn'd to flatter and defame;
 Nor to your Pen did e'er suggest a Thought,
 But what your Soul's Choice darling *Virtue* taught;
 Nor wish'd to tread the flow'ry Paths of Fame,
 Obscure Amusement was my utmost Aim;
 Nor tempt thee from the Sphere which Wisdom's
 Wisely adapted for thy acting in;
 Nor urge thee to neglect thy just Employ.
 Say why, unjust one, should'st thou me destroy?

I'd weed each sprouting Folly from thy Heart,
 And with soft Counsel mend thy better Part;
 From Storms impetuous guard thy tender Plant
 Of growing Virtue, and supply each Want;
 Prune the fair Tree, and, like the early Sun,
 Nourish the Root from which the Flowers sprung;
 Blossoms and Buds support with tender Care,
 Preserve the precious Fruits from blasting Air,
 And kill the Vermin which destructive are,
 Enrich the Soil, to make its Growth more strong,
 Vast in Extent, and in Duration long.—
 This I'd have done, and thought the Bus'ness sweet,
 To give thy leaden Minutes downy Feet,
 Ev'n Toil itself could not thy Peace destroy,
 In servile Labour I had brought thee Joy:
 Ungrateful Fool! to treat me as a Foe,
 Who have the Will and Pow'r to sooth thy Woe!
 Thy Will is free, say, must I be refus'd?
 I'll stay thy Friend, but scorn to be abus'd.

ORINTHIA's *Request to the GENTLE-*
 MEN of FORTUNE, *during the Draw-*
ing of the LOTTERY in the Year 1741.

TO those who joy the *Modest* to relieve,
 Who with the *Pow'r* possess the *Heart* to
Orinthia now presents her humble Suit ;
 Down, rising Blush, — forbidding Thought, be mute.
 What is this Coyness — but the Fault of *Pride* !
 ' Is it a Crime to wish my *Wants* supply'd ?
 ' I know that *Obligation* makes thee start,
 ' And my own Weakness shuns to take my Part,
 ' Never till now was *Virgin Shame* unkind,
 ' It chains the blameless Freedom of my Mind,
 ' Which strives to set its tender Partner free,
 ' And purchase Peace — if not forbid by thee.
 ' Be still, fond Heart ! — 'tis needless to rebel, —
 ' The Resolution's took — *God speed it well !*

Ye

Ye generous Great, to whom I now apply, *but A*
 Ah! don't a harmless Maid's first Pray'r deny! *IM*
 From Pity's Source exalted Greatness springs, *IT*
 This gives new Lustre to the Pride of Kings, *VM*
 Wide, like the Sun, fair Goodness spreads its Beam,
 And a glad World, rejoicing, feels the Flame: *to I*
 Favour'd by you—be this *Orinthia's* Pray'r, *some 2*
 In this *Year's Lottery* to claim a Share, *some 3 IT*
 To give the Tickets, yours the Kindness bestow *A*
 And Fortune's to direct the Prize to me! *will W*
 Thus with Success, by your Assistance blest, *thus T*
 No more might present Cares disturb my Rest, *VM*
 For gloomy Thoughts too oft my Ease destroy, *or 2*
 And damp within my Breast the rising Joy, *but A*
 My *Virtue* scorns a Life obscene and lewd, *and T*
 Nor seems my Soul design'd for Servitude, *but A*
 Yet would I wear the meanest *Captive's* Name, *2*
 Ere purchase *Empire* with the Loss of *Fame*, *IT 2*
 Tho' *fortuneless*—I boast some tender *Friends*, *2*
 Whose Care, I fear, beyond their *Power* extends; *2*

And as they strive to make my Sorrows less,
My *Gratitude* but bids my *Pains* encrease.

'Tis your's, ye generous *British* Youths, to ease
My nameless Fears, if once your Goodness please.

If Gracious you my fond PETITION hear,
Let *Urban's* Page the granted Numbers bear:

Some Banker hold them for *Orinthia's* Use,
Till *Cave* my real Signature produce.

A Friend in Town (oh, be my Lot a Prize!)
Will watch the Golden Wheel, and see 'em rise.

Thus have I taken such prudential Care,
None can usurp *Orinthia's* Character;

So shall your Bounty undiverted flow,
And none defraud you of the Thanks I owe.

Thanks that shall live within my grateful Breast,
And thus in ardent Wishes stand exprest:

" Guard each and all, ye kind propitious Pow'rs!

" Their busy Moments watch, and blissful Hours!

" Give them in Youth, refin'd Delight to taste,

" The Friend unalter'd, and the Partner chaste!

hna

" The

" The *just* Affection, and the *dlasting* Love,
 " Which *Virtue* lights, and *Reason* must approve,
 " Be every *Wife*, and every *Miss* fair,
 " As *Muse-like* Fancy thinks the *Angels* are!
 " And when that *Nature* feels her sure Decay,
 " Let *Life* in calm Repose decline away;
 " Till thro' the easy Sleep of *Death*, they rise,
 " And reach *immortal* Glory in the *Skies*!
 " Thus pray, ye *Virgins*, for these *worthy* Men,
 " *Orinthia* breathes to each Request, AMEN.

L—n—shire, Sept. 9.

Answered by a Gentleman called ACTEON.

WHilst Fortune's Friendship, spotless Maid,
 And seek her Shelter to avoid her Spoil,
 Oh! cou'd the fickle Goddess view like me,
 Her Favours soon thou'd set *Orinthia* free;
 Or had I Power to ease, as Heart to feel,
 Thou should'st not trust to her delusive Wheel.

But feeble are the Aids that I can pay,
 The Wish sincere, the well-affected Lay,
 The fond Assistance of the tuneful Pen,
 That, like your own, but writes a kind *Amen*.
 Yet from some abler Hand thy virtuous Grief
 Shall claim a just Concern, and kind Relief:
 Heav'n shall your Innocence with Honour bless,
 The Muse, prophetic, sees your fair Success,
 With rising Hope the happy Issue eyes,
 And hails you Mistress of the envy'd Prize.

Answered by another called FIDO.

IF fair *Orinthia* cou'd her Suit prefer,
 And all were mov'd, who heard the Virgin's
 If she with Innocence and native Art
 Cou'd touch the manly, human, gen'rous Heart;
 Let now one humble Lover, Pity move,
 And warm some gentle Breast to tender Love.

To ye, bright Fair, the impassion'd Poet writes, W
 Swift the Head dictates what the Heart indites, A
 Happier the Strain, did *Fortune's* Smiles infuse, Y
 Its golden Ray to grace the artless Muse, b n A
 Yet Truth is naked, and disdains Disguise, w o T
 And such shou'd be the Heart you ought to prize, W
 What tho' the Author of the faithful Strain, n e W
 Of *Fortune's* Partiality complain, o n e I b n A
 Tho' not so low, but He sometimes can join, o n I
 To pay his Flask, and drink his Waste in Wine, T
 Yet can he boast he has a Mind sincere, n i o d s T
 That knows the Value of the heav'nly Fair, e o d 2
 His Heart is form'd to feel each winning Charm, O
 The Soul can soften, or the Bosom warm; n w o Y
 Nor asks he more than what himself had giv'n, I
 Had he like you been plac'd the Care of Heav'n, M
 On one Side if the Scale of *Fortune's* thrown, W A
 Oh blame him not, the Fault is not his own, o r W
 Hapless his Fate, whose purer Eye descrys, n o r d H
 The Source whence Joys untroubled take their Rise,

Who sees one Blessing in a World of Care,
 And views that Blessing in the spotless Fair;
 Yet barr'd by *Fortune* must his Hope forego,
 And lose the only Happiness below!
 To wretched Gold, the Pride of seeming Great,
 We owe the Plagues that vex the Nuptial State,
 When loveless Hearts the cruel Yoke endure,
 And Death alone the fix'd Disease can cure.
 No noble Purpose is in Marriage sought;
 'Tis who can buy, or who is to be bought.
 Take in a *Cæsar*'s Mind that Golden Rule,
 She's blest for Life, be Spouse or Knave or Fool.
 Conscious of Honour, far from being vain,
 Your faithful Suppliant breathes his votive Strain;
 His Person not deform'd, and for his Soul
 Not made too much to bend, nor to controul;
 A Woman's Man, when Sense shall bear the Sway,
 When Reason bids advise, or bids obey.
 If then amongst the bright distinguish'd Fair,
 One bolder She will hazard *Cupid*'s Snare,

Will

Will constant Love with gen'rous Kindness pay,
 And crown a Passion which shall ne'er decay;
 If noble Pity for an honest Breast
 Can win one Fair to make a Lover blest,
 Fido with faithful Ardor dares to bid,
 And builds on Principles most odd, tho' true,
 Unalter'd Tenderness the Maid shall wait,
 For Life belov'd the same in every State;
 And endless Gratitude his Heart shall move
 With Int'rest to repay the Debt of Love;
 Our happy Breasts shall feel one equal Flame,
 Our Joys, our Pleasures, and our Pains the same;
 From Earth's low Soil we'll cull each fairer Flower,
 Virtuous Delight shall mark each smiling Hour,
 And when Life's Evening points us to our Home,
 We'll die in Peace, and have one common Tomb,
 While our united Souls, intranc'd above,
 Shall taste the Joys the Virtuous only prove,
 The Sweets of Friendship and immortal Love.

FIDO answered by ORINTHIA.

DID my Attempt, fond Youth, thy Thought
 Did hop'd Success attune your am'rous Lyre,^{[inspire,}
 Alas ! *Orintbia* mourns her humble State,
 And rests content to be unfortunate.
 Had sightless *Chance* her random Favours thrown,
 And bid me call the envy'd Prize my own ;
 Had *Plutus* yielded to my tuneful Pray'r,
 You might have hop'd Indulgence from the Fair,
 Not that my Ills can your Success prevent,
 'Tis wrong to choose a luckless Precedent ;
 And when you saw to me vain *Fortune* blind,
 How could you hope a Mistress yet more kind ?
 Yet shall *Orintbia's* Wish your Wishes wait,
 And hail you blest in *Hymen's* happy State.
 May some chaste Virgin to your Wish incline,
 Round whom the Charms of Wealth and Virtue
 One who has Sense your real Worth to prize,^{[shine ;}
 Discreetly elegant, and gently wise ;

Whose

Whose Purity the Voice of Scandal flames,
 Whose tender Heart with sacred Friendship flames;
 Like yours, her Soul to heavenly Truth ally'd;
 Honour like yours, her uncorrupted Guide.

Then may you live like the first happy Pair
 In *Eden's* Grove, Heav'n's first distinguish'd Care;

And I with Pleasure shall rejoice to know
 You gain'd the only Bliss you ask below.

Yet howsoe'er unseen Events may turn,
 Cease, gen'rous *Fido*, cease thy Lot to mourn;
 Fate, Fortune, Chance, are Sounds the World befool,

Mysterious Providence bears certain Rule:
 In vain her secret Ways our Search would find,

Too deep her Mazes for the studious Mind.
 See Vice in State, and Virtue in the Dust,

And ask Reflection if these Truths are just;
 Yet are her Ways by perfect Justice led,

Tho' Reason cannot pierce the seeming Shade;
 And still *Orinthia* in this Thought is blest,

Whatever is, is certainly the best.

Answered

Answered by FIDO.

THOU tender Stranger I whose'er thou art;
 Whose polish'd Strains display the gen'rous
 Whose Notes, on plaintive, or when kind, might move ^{[Heart ;}
 The Just to Sympathy, the Wild to Love ; ^{28/30}
 Thou virtuous Fair, at least one pleasing Lay
 To Pity sweet as thine let Fido pay ;
 Charm'd with the Task, cou'd he with soothing
 Avert the Stroke that gives thy Bosom Pain, ^{[Strain}
 His tuneful Notes shou'd flow with softest Care,
 Till Joys succeeding left no Sorrows there.
 But Fate, *Orestes*, Fate must be obey'd ;
 Mine I forgive, but mourn thee, hapless Maid
 Perchance far distant and in mystick Veil,
 Who feels for others, Fido's Breast can feel,
 And fond can sigh. — Might Heav'n its Gifts dispense
 In equal Measure, as it gave thee Sense,
 Touch'd

Touch'd with thy Song, my wand'ring Fancy stray'd
 Thro' this wild Maze of Life, this Light and Shade,
 This dubious Mixture, where one Sun-beam cheers,
 Another strongly strikes, but stains our Tears
 To flow in Darkness as it disappears:
 Such is our Glimpse of Joy, our promis'd Bliss,
 The Hopes that guide us, guide us still amiss.
 But thou, bright Maid, whose purer Faith can rest
 On Heav'n, and own *whatever is, is best*;
 With smoother Pace thy Stream of Life must flow,
 Beyond what Kings can taste, or Grandeur know.
 Tho' humble be the Virgin's Portion here,
 Thy Fates are, sure, too mild to force a Tear.
 No common Shafts can the firm Breast annoy,
 Who builds on Providence for Peace and Joy.
 In thee, methinks, as oft (too oft) we find,
 The Soul beams greatly forth—but beams confin'd.
 Fortune her Wheel has given the sportive Turn,
 And barr'd thee from that Height thou would'st adorn:
 But

But be, *Orinthia*, Mistress of thy Fate;
 Preserve Content, you're scarce unfortunate;
 Thy generous Wish, sincere without Allay,
 This Debt of Friendship, *Eino* would repay.
 If Love can bless, a Lover may'st thou find,
 Whose just Esteem may suit thy gentle Mind;
 Who, rais'd superior, can on Truth look down,
 Thy Worth with Wealth, with Truth thy Virtue
 Whose Sense for Sense can quit the glitt'ring Toys,
 The Puppet-shows of State, the World of Noise;
 Constant of Temper, and of Judgment clear,
 To slight what's trifling, and what's Mortal bear;
 Whose Heart like Passions as your own shall move,
 And taste Enjoyment but to heighten Love.
 Such, and such only, can make Woman blest;
 If aught remain behind, — be yours the rest.
 For me, *Orinthia*, future Time must tell,
 How Chance, capricious, with her Slave shall deal;
 But for a Fortune when I own'd a Flame,
 And spoke my Passion, I despair'd the Aim;

Points more refin'd to Love than Love belong,
 The World's too wise to listen to a Song.
 A Loser here, I shall not still complain,
 Thank Heav'n, the Care of Wealth ne'er gave me
 The charming Woman was my pleasing Care,^[Pain:]
 Here fix'd the Comfort, the Convenience there.
 For this shou'd *Plutus* shed one friendly Ray,
 Grateful I'd take the Blessing of the Day;
 But when I servile at his Shrine adore,
 Grant, Heav'n, that *Fido* may continue poor!
 Then may he cease fair Virtue to behold,
 One Smile of whom is worth a Mine of Gold.

On a L A D Y *who threat'ned to cry a*
 S A L E *of her* L O V E R S .

C A M I L L A's Charms with such great Force
 Of Votaries, 'tis said, she'll cry a Sale;^{[prevail,}
 To which these Lines the Female World invite,
 Whose Wit less cogent, Eyes less killing bright;

Come, and each Virgin cheaply buy a Mate,
 She'll sell her Culls ('tis thought) at any Rate.
 Poor I, who cannot boast one pers'nal Grace,
 No Thousand Pounds fit blooming on my Face;
 Hope for a Groat a charming Spouse to get,
 Wealthy, Good-natur'd, with a World of Wit.
 You'll say the Price runs high, and me condemn,
 A Groat's the Worth of half a Dozen Men.
 But she's a Maid of Generosity,
 Pay well for One, she'll give me two or three;
 Which to my absent Friends I will convey,
 Keep him I bought, and give the rest away.

*To an OFFICER of the EXCISE, who
 said she borrowed her THOUGHTS.*

TO you, mistaken Sir, I'd have it known,
 I scorn to write a Thought that's not my
 [own;
 Pray tell me, would it not your Soul enrage,
 If said you borrow'd Methods how to gauge?

This

This you may do unlook'd on as a Crime;
My Muse, tho' poor, is not in debt for Rhime.

On V I R T U E.

FAIR Offspring of thy fairer Parent, Heaven,
Of various Blessings best to Mortals given,
Fair in all Forms, gives Bliss in each Degree,
To Wealth Enjoyment, Peace to Poverty,
Time, that grand Enemy to a fine Face,
Adds blooming Charms, and brightens ev'ry Grace.
Midst Change unalter'd, and in Bondage free,
Nor fears that Foe to Life, Death's Tyranny;
Shall more refulgent shine than heretofore,
When Pain, and Time, and Death shall be no more.
Till then o'er noble Minds she keeps a Guard,
Best judging where to punish, where reward;
From gross Enormities the Soul restrains,
Which reaps the vast Advantage of her Pains.

When Sick, we oft Relief in Physick find,
 She with immortal Cordials heals the Mind,
 And in Affliction scorns to take her Flight;
 She, like the Sun amidst the Clouds, shines bright,
 Or Brilliants, which most sparkle in the Night.

On the View of a RURAL PROSPECT.

OH Nature! Goddess of the rural Plains,
 Thou best-lov'd Deity of Nymphs and Swains,
 Thy sweet Disorder does more Charms impart
 Than all the study'd Elegance of Art.
 When *Eden* flourish'd with becoming Pride,
 Thou sat'st triumphant, not to be outvy'd.
 Man owns thy Pow'r, thou rul'st Brutality,
 Trees, Flowers, Fruits, are influenc'd by thee,
 O'er boundless Oceans thou extend'st thy Sway,
 The luminary Lights thy Power obey.
 Deep Mysteries from thee Existence draw,
 The most Obscure consent to Nature's Law.

If thou so fair, so full of Wonders be,
How great that God, who Being gave to thee !

VENUS's *Complaint against* CLARISSA.

BY what strange God, could all these Charms be
My Father *Jove* has no such Mold in Heaven:
Ev'n I, the fairest of his Godship's Race,
Want numberless Perfections of her Face.
Had she in *Ida's* Grove been with us three,
The Golden Fruit had not been given me.
My Sister Goddess, sprung from Head Divine,
Shines dimly in her Sphere, as I in mine;
In Wit and Virtue she excells as far,
As the Meridian Sun a twilight Star.
Cupid, exasperated with my Sighs,
To execute Revenge with Fury flies;
No sooner had he view'd her matchless Charms,
The feeble God let fall his feebler Arms,

Each new Survey augments his vast Surprise,
 And drank Love's Poison from her killing Eyes,
 Worse Pain than he inflicts, himself must feel;

Her Charms have sharper Arrows than his Steel.

Must I bear this? oh! direful, sad Disgrace!

My Son a Victim to her hated Face?

Her Charms are such, she sets our Heav'n at odds

And makes a Metamorphose 'mongst the Gods

Apollo's Musick here neglected stands,

And Wine untasted passes *Bacchus'* Hands,

Mars sickens at the chearful Sound of War,

Vulcan forgets to strike his Iron Bar;

Poor *Mercury* saw, and trembling at the View,

Forgot *Jove's* potent Message as he flew.

Scorn'd, slighted, I disown'd for Beauty's Queen;

Ah! could a Goddess die, I'd die with Spleen,

I vainly envy her Mortality;

Not to be fairest, better not to be,

And shall a human Toy my Form outshine,

Ingross the Incense offer'd at my Shrine?—

Each

I must

I must submit, alas ! she governs Fate,
While *Jove* sits nodding at the Helm of State.

Occasioned by being extremely Drowsy.

WHAT's this no Motion, this inactive State?

Grief differs not with Joy, nor Love with
Each Faculty bound with lethargick Chains, ^[Hate]

My fast-lock'd Fancy without Power to range,

Stagnation's Frost the Crimson Tides command,

My Wishes, Fears, and Hopes all Neuter stand,

My best Efforts to rouse myself are vain,

Wealth would be tasteless, Poverty no Pain,

Nay, Praise and Defamation are the same.

Will Vice and Virtue, Heav'n and Hell agree?

Oh ! no ; that Question frights the Lethargy ;

The Juice is broke, the Blood in Torrents roll,

And new-born Faculties adorn my Soul.

*On a young LADY whose Lover dyed
the Morning they were to be married.*

HER deep-fetch'd Sighs betray'd a direful Grief,
The obvious Cause admitting no Relief;
Her beauteous Eyes rain'd rapid Floods of Woe,
And dash'd the Bloom kind Nature did bestow,
That did the Fairest of the Fair outshine;
Now a pale Vestal at *Despair's* dull Shrine,
Still as a Statue, plaintless as a Saint,
In Grief too big for Eloquence to paint.
Sometimes, when Reason sicken'd, she wou'd say,
' Give me my *Strephon*, it's our Wedding Day:
' On you bright Sunny Throne my Love I see,
' Ah! now he soars!—stay, *Strephon*, stay for
[me —
' Hark how he sings, all drest in radiant Light!
' See how he smiles! (the Glory pains my Sight)
' Now waves, and calls—I come, I come, my Life—
' Malicious Clouds, to part us! I'm his Wife!

Then

Then rallying up the Forces of her Mind,
 With Virgin Purity and Soul resign'd,
 The wild Disorder her strong Prayers deplore,
 ' Take me, my God, and let me Sin no more :
 ' O bend my stubborn Nature to thy Will,
 ' Or thy Avenger, Grief, the Traitors kill.
 Thus the sweet Griever mourn'd her happy Lord,
 Musick, nor Friends, their wonted Joys afford,
 The fair Disconsolate, deprest with Grief,
 Not that she scorn'd, but could not taste Relief.
 Strong was the Conflict 'twixt her Soul and Sin,
 Virtue in Arms kept Garrison within,
 Drove the Foe back to Hell, his quarter'd Inn.
 Weak Nature droop'd, unable long to bear
 This Load of Woe, and Virtue so austere,
 With humble Joy she felt the sure Decay,
 Her Strength exhausted, Beauty fled away,
 Prayer fill'd her Soul, and Charity her Hand,
 Not one Foe left for Virtue to withstand,

To

To such Perfection was her Temper brought,
 Praise tun'd her Voice, and Heaven fill'd each Thought
 Death fear'd, nor wish'd, but does most calmly wait
 Her Maker's Pleasure for approaching Fate;
 Like a mild Infant, fond of new-sound Play,
 She smil'd in Death, and just was heard to say,
 " *Stephen*, I come; bright Angels point the Road,
 " Make Way, vain World, I flee to meet my God.

ON CONTEMPLATION.

ONE pleasant Ev'ning, as I pensive stood,
 In contemplating what was truly Good,
 A thousand various Objects blest my Sight,
 The Stars they sparkled, and the Moon shone bright,
 Calm and serene the gentle Breezes play'd,
 And to my View a charming Form's convey'd.
 I gaz'd with eager, fierce, unknown Delight,
 Not having Use of any Sense but Sight;

Charms,

Charms, inconsistent Charms at once I saw,
 Which gave me pleasing Transport mixt with Awe;
 Bright flaxen Hair in graceful Ringlets hung,
 Her Countenance sweetly sedate, and young,
 Beyond Account, beyond Conception fair,
 Her Features something more than regular;
 Mild Goodness soften'd her majestic Mien,
 Which spoke the Goddess mingled with the Queen;
 Graceful Attractions did her Motions wait,
 Not proud, nor yet unconscious of her State.
 Her flowing Garments, like the azure Sky,
 Surpass the Loom, surpass the Art of Dye.
 Hush'd Nature saw, and brighten'd into Day,
 Zephyrs like chaunting Muses seem'd to play;
 I stood transfixt to hear what she would say.
 At her more near Approach she shone more bright,
 My Sight was dazzled with refulgent Light;
 Her radiant awful Eyes were fix'd on me,
 My Senses ask'd at the Divinity;

My

My Sinews weak as at my infant Birth,
 Trembling I fell all prostrate on the Earth;
 She spoke, bid me prepare for a Dispute,
 Said she was God's high-favour'd Attribute.
 " Rise, Child of *Adam*, rise, nor be dismay'd,
 " Tho' I must chide thee, be not thus afraid."
 Oh bright *Etherial* ! please to strike me dumb,
 To what sad Purpose have I use of Tongue?
 Let humble Silence wait on what you say,
 I'll to my Power each Command obey,
 Awe checks my Words, how vain is the Presence !
 Dare I dispute with such bright Excellence?
 " Is this Obedience ? (the illustrious spoke)
 " My first Command thou hast already broke.
 " Can my Appearance thus confound each Sense ?
 " And dar'st thou murmur against Providence ?
 " How oft hast thou arraign'd her blameless Rule,
 " Thought her unjust, or, like thyself, a Fool ?
 " Thought she dispens'd unequal Gifts abroad,
 " Rejecting Virtue, and rewarding Fraud ?

" Saw

" Saw this in Power, that levell'd with the Dust,"
 " Which to thy weak Reflection seems unjust."
 " Hardly to thy low Station couldst submit,
 " Think'st thou to measure Wisdom infinite
 " With the small Compasses of human Wit?" }
 With Voice sunk inward, and Heart-racking Fears,
 My Accent drowned with a Flow of Tears,
 By Truth convicted, without Power to fly,
 At length these Words were usher'd with a Sigh:
 ' Ah! what can sinful Dust and Ashes plead,
 ' Beset with Errors, and by Sin misled?
 ' Pity and pardon this my great Offence,
 ' Alas! I've sinn'd against Omnipotence!
 ' Some healing Mercy to my Soul apply,
 ' Which done, submissive I consent to dye.
 She said, " Repent of Crimes done heretofore,
 " Think of your Saviour's Words, and sin no more;
 " And don't despair, for Mercy loves to save;
 " Oh may the joy thy Soul beyond the Grave!

" I shall not tell thee, whether soon or late,
 " Thou must be summon'd to thy future State,
 " Of this be sure, whilst Life to thee is lent,
 " Whatever Sphere thou fill'st, be thou content.
 " I don't forbid endeavouring to rise,
 " Suppose the Means be virtuous and wise,
 " If they shou'd fail, do thou not once repine,
 " But let thy good Creator's Will be thine,
 " Didst thou but know with what paternal Love
 " Kind Providence directs thee where to move,
 " I dictate to her when she shou'd chastise,
 " And with Corrections hope to make thee wise,
 " Thy Good we both consult, oh, kiss the Rod,
 " By any Means we'd bring thee to thy God,
 " Oft wond'rous Changes are produc'd by Time,
 " Conditions alter, she may better thine,
 " That to her Guidance, on her Conduct rest,
 " For well she knows what suits thy Nature best.
 Then to my View an Instrument she brings,
 Compos'd of numberless and tuneful Strings ;

She

She touch'd a Key, each String perform'd its Part;
 Small with the great, mov'd with exactest Art;
 Nor these nor them alone could move at all,
 Each seem'd dependent on the mighty All;
 The Harmony was Discord, if that one

Of the prodigious Number was but wrong;
 But when they all agreed, my ravish'd Ears
 Found it to be the Musick of the Spheres.

"Wou'd you believe, unthinking Girl, said she,

"That thou thyself mak'st up this Harmony?"

"The cheerful Sounding of your little Strings

"Make as fine Musick as the Sound of Kings,"

Clos'd the Machine, she gravely bids adieu.

Then with inspired Strength I to her flew,

Catching her Robe, I kneeling begg'd her Name,

Ask'd not from whence, I knew from whence she

"Wisdom (said she) plac'd in the high Abode,"

"I draw Existence only from my God;

"By those that seek me right, found out with Ease,

"Tis I direct them the All-wise to please."

This

This said, ascends; meantime the bending Skies
 Joy to receive the rich illustrious Prize.
 Soon as my Eyes had lost the glorious Sight,
 I found myself alone, and in the Night.

To an A T H E I S T.

AN Atheist! say you?—view this lovely Flower,
 Let it convince you of Almighty Power.
 What gave it this inimitable Dye?
 What less with living Sweets its Form supply?
 Can Art bestow such Bloom, such balmy Dew
 With more than Velvet-softness dress its Hue?
 You say, 'tis the mere Product of the Earth,
 That it from wildy Nature took its Birth.
 Most true, and were her Paths but wisely trod,
 Nature would lead us on to Nature's God.
 What form'd and what preserves this spacious Ball,
 This noble Structure which contains us all?

What mighty Hand did its rare Fabrick rear?

Who rules the changing Seasons of the Year?

But more, what Power animates my Blood,

What gives this Motion to the vital Flood?

By whose Command was to my Breast assign'd

This self-condemning, self-acquitting Mind?

What gives to the most secret Crime its Sting?

From whence does Shame, Remorse and Horror

Who deck'd with shining Heat the glorious ^[spring] Sun,

And bade the raging Tides obey the Moon?

Or dress'd with Stars the Firmament so fine,

And set the colour'd Rainbow for a Sign?

From whence this unseen Wind's impetuous Rage,

Bears no Controul, no human Force assuage?

To me the Secret of the Frost reveal,

Whose fierce still Rage the limpid Streams congeal?

What for the Works of Nature laid the Plan,

And gave the Air its Influence over Man?

Why's Death the Good man's Joy, the Wicked's Dread?

If Being's at a Period when we're dead?

I've read of Witchcraft and unnatural Evil,
 Sure Indication that there is a Devil :
 Cou'd Chance invest this Fiend with Power of Ill,
 Or Nature work with supernatural Skill ?
 Who gives him Power, the same his Power restrains,
 Nor can he pass the Limits of his Chains.
 Did not superior Force his Force repell,
 Adam's whole Race must feel his Source in Hell.
 This Fiend malignant, once a Child of Light,
 Midst thousand bright ones eminently bright,
 Free in his Choice, and unrestrain'd his Will,
 As once, he might have been celestial still ;
 In Glory rapt next to the sacred Three,
 Pride plung'd him to the Gulph of Misery :
 Dazled with Bliss, all Benefits forgot
 He 'gainst the Source of Power form'd a Plot,
 Which prov'd ; abortive of Necessity
 He falls, who dares to cope with Deity.
 None else cou'd his audacious Pride correct,
 Or form good Spirits, or when form'd protect.

Nature thro' Elements, Earth, Air, and Flood,
 Proclaims a God, wise, powerful, and good,
 My Eyes confirm this Faith in all I see,
 And thro' each Object trace the Deity.
 Thro' cloudy Death, a future Life I view,
 My Soul forebodes the final Judgment true,
 Which the tremendous Trump shall loud proclaim,
 Dust then promiscuous must unite again;
 Subpoena'd to attend the awful Bar,
 Behold the Judge of Judges in the Air,
 Whose shining Glory melts the trembling Skies,
 And Nature all in Dissolution lies;
 In heav'nly Pomp and Majesty divine
 The Judgment Seat with radiant Glories shine;
 Amidst bright Millions which in Order stand,
 To execute their mighty Lord's Command;
 This Way and that all dreadful Paths explore,
 Nature and Chance can then deceive no more;
 From that Time forth, no Atheist can there be,
 Nor thou, O Chance, no more a Deity.

On LOVE.

OF all the Graces that adorn the Mind,
 If I may give my Thoughts, Love's most
 Thou Crown of Virtue's high-born Quality, ^[refin'd.]
 None but great Souls are capable of thee;
 This soft Perfection, active Excellence,
 Gives Force to Wit, and brightens native Sense.
 She from the Mind weeds all pernicious Vice,
 Drains out the Follies, which obstructs the Rise
 Of growing Virtue in her Paradise. }
 She's in her Nature all Divinity,
 Nor tinctur'd with gross Sensuality;
 Visits the deep Recesses of the Soul,
 Meekness supports, Pride feels, her Fears controul,
 Exiles that Passion which usurps her Name,
 Brands her with Scorn, with Penury, and Shame.
 The vicious servile Soul she can't endure,
 So fair a Guest must have her Dwelling pure;

Can stand the Test of hot Temptation's Flames,
 Comes forth refin'd, and all her Weight retains;
 True Sorrow oft attends her shining Ring,
 But friendly Innocence takes out her Sting.
 Which done, let all her Admonitions prize,
 She mends the Soul, and makes the Suff'rer wise:
 A Love like this is justify'd from Blame,
 Suppose the Object's worthy of the Flame;
 This Love, the Love of Libertines excell,
 If possible, as much as Heav'n does Hell.
 The Poets never found a nobler Theme,
 Nor Beauty cannot wear a brighter Gem.

On ORINTHIA *viewing herself in*
a GLASS.

WAS Nature angry when she form'd my Clay?
Or, urg'd by Haste to finish, cou'd not stay?
Or drest with all her Store some perfect she,
So lavish there, she'd none to spare for me?
I oft converse with those she's deem'd to grace
With Air and Shape, fine Mien, and charming Face;
When self-survey'd, the Glas hears this Reply,
" Dear ! what a strange unpolish'd Thing am I !"
Not that I think it hard, or once upbraid ;
Conscious I am that transient Charms will fade,
Not but, ye Fair, your Beauty gives Delight,
'Tis pleasing, wond'rous pleasing to the Sight,
Since here defective, Heav'n, be so kind
With never-fading Charms to dress my Mind !

On seeing a beautiful CHILD.

STAY, gentle Innocence, bestow one Kiss;
 'Tis now thy Cup runs o'er with purest Bliss;
 Thy lovely artless Bosom knows no Care,
 Thou hast not sinn'd, thou'rt so divinely fair,
 There's unpolluted Sweetness in thy Breath.
 Thus Fair was *Eve*, 'ere Sin procured Death.
 Bright Emblem of the Angels, wer't thou mine,
 Thee to the Grave with Transport I'd resign,
 E'er actual Sin thy Innocence cou'd stain,
 And add one more to the offenceless Train;
 Rejoice to know thy spotless Soul was fled,
 To the blest'd Mansions of the happy Dead.

On SNUFF-TAKING.

CUSTOM, in this small Article, I find,
 What strong Ascendance thou hast o'er the
 My Friend's Advice the first Inducements were, [Mind ;
 " Take it, said she, it will your Spirits chear,"
 All resolute, the offer'd Drugg to take,
 But in the Trial sicken'd with my Hate,
 By Repetition I was brought to bear,
 Then rather lik'd, now love it too, too dear,
 Be careful, oh my Soul! how thou let'st in
 The baneful Poison of repeated Sin ;
 Never be intimate with any Crime,
 Left Custom makes it amiable in Time.

On INCONSTANCY.

Desired by a YOUNG LADY.

INCONSTANCY, reverse of certain Good,
Folly thy Parent, *Change* thy darling Food;
 Nurs'd in the wild Chimeras of the Head,
 By Fancy rock'd, by boundless Passion led.
 Thy Play-things broken Vows, past Faith forgot,
 Stain'd Honour, Breach of Friendship, and what not!
 In Motion swift, unsteady in the Race,
 Be here, be there, return to this, that Place;
 To-day feels Beauty's Power, To-morrow free,
 Captive again, again finds Liberty.
 The Eastern Sun beholds a vow-bound Friend,
 E're West, th' eternal Faith is at an End;
 One Minute gay, still gayer, then quite dull,
 There apes the Frantick, here the stupid Fool.
 Praise and condemn one Object with a Breath,
 Unfix'd in all Things but the Fear of Death;

That

That haunts the Memory with such venom'd Hate,
 Too strong for Art or Time to dissipate:
 I've try'd my best, its Nature to define,
 Truth, tho' unpolish'd, dwells in every Line;
 Which when so happy as to kiss your Hand,
 The Author is your Servant to command.

To a young LADY in the Country.

ALL hail, bright Maid, my choicest Wishes
 On fair *Udofia* now, and future State. [wait

Methinks these find you on a Couch reclin'd,
 Where all the Sweets of Nature are combin'd,
 And these to read, some Author is resign'd. }

Tho' chang'd for worse, yet you the Change com-
 'Cause from *Orintbia*, your most faithful Friend. [mend,

A sympathetick Pleasure fills my Breast,
 In you myself is more than half possess'd
 Of those dear rural Joys which speak you blest. }

Your

Your Garden spacious in Extent I view,
 Where Art wou'd Nature, Nature Art outdo;
 Enamell'd Walks, rich Beds of fragrant Flow'rs,
 Soft purling Streams, margin'd with rosy Bowers.
 Here Unity of Trees the Sun repell,
 Whose gloomy Length to trace, suits Musing well;
 This leads you to the Grotto of Delight,
 Whose Spring mocks Winter's disappointed Spite,
 Where you, the Genius of this sweet Abode,
 Study Yourself, Nature, and Nature's God.
 In Choice of Authors, Strength of Judgment shine,
 You raise their Worth by Comments justly fine;
 From Heav'n's Indulgence you large Gifts receive,
 Officious Earth, gives best she has to give;
 Crown'd with Life's Comforts, real exalted Joys,
 Abstract from Folly, Show, or empty Noise,
 I in your *Paradisick* Regions see
 State join'd with Peace, Pomp with Humility:
 From Streams to Shades, from Sweets to Sweets you
 But, *Adam* like, you wander all alone;
[roam,

The

The wond'ring Crowd are most surpriz'd at this,
 That you admit no Sharer in your Bliss,
 Part'ner in Life, they mean, for all confess
 You good, and gen'rous to a vast Excess.
 If too too oppulent your Blessings are,
 Let brave *Alexis* the Profusion share,
 Decrease them not, but teach you more to bear. }
 'Mongst all the Species, 'twou'd be hard to find
 A Form so noble with so rich a Mind ;
 In him, we Heav'n and Nature's Darling view,
 As tho' design'd by both to merit you.
 Maids of low Virtue, or inferior Sense,
 Keep their less worthy Captives in suspense ;
 A Mote's more obvious on your Brilliant Worth,
 Than Spots and Stains on some of higher Birth,
 With Dread, impatient, your Resolves he'l wait,
 Conscious your Sentence bears the Seal of Fate.
 What just Objections have you 'gainst the Youth,
 Good, wise, and brave, adorn'd with spotless Truth?
 Except

Except you've vow'd in Virgin white to shine,
 And act the Vestal at fair Virtue's Shrine :
 If this, or bless *Alexis* you intend,
 Honour *Orinthia* with the Name of Friend.

On the BIRTH-DAY of Sir ----.

MY Muse, cast thy Lethargick Chains away,
 And celebrate this great auspicious Day ;
 Sir *Worthy's* natal Day : oh, *Pope !* thy Pen,
 Might give just Honour to this best of Men ;
 Allow'd by all, without Partiality,
 He is in all Things what he ought to be.
 Add, gracious Heaven, many Days like this !
 And each succeeding Year augment his Bliss ;
 Mutually bless the fair one of his Vows,
 A Lady greatly worthy such a Spouse.

On the DEATH of CLARISSA.

A WAKE, ye Nine, *Orinthia* begs your Aid,
 And in *Apollo's* Name must be obey'd ;
 To sing *Clarissa's* mournful Elegy,
 And melt the World in pitying Sympathy.
 Mourn, mourn, ye Swains, *Clarissa* is no more !
 So great a Loss ye ne'er sustain'd before.
 Back, back, ye Tears, you but the Paper stain,
 And blot the Beauties of her spotless Name ;
 Just to proportion Grief, as she was good,
 Eyes might be dry, and Hearts weep Streams of
 How have my eager Eyes her Charms survey'd, ^[Blood]
 Hours but Moments, when she sung or play'd !
 By Stature tall, mov'd with majestick Air,
 And shap'd beyond Description's nicest Care ;
 Her Eyes were black, and bright as *Brilliant's* blaze,
 Forbid the most intrepid Lover's Gaze ;

Her

Her Hair for shining Colour seem'd to vie
 With the admired Beauties of the Eye;
 A soft transparent Skin, amazing white,
 As might raise Pleasure in an Anchorite;
 Body and Limbs with such Proportion fram'd,
 As th' Appellation of Perfection claim'd,
 Scandal was silent, Envy stood agham'd:
 Nor did the bounteous Powers finish here,
 Compos'd of Harmony her Temper were,
 Wise as old Age, by long Experience taught,
 Witty as Youth, with quick Poetick Thought,
 Innocent as the State of Infancy,
 Her Turn of Mind leant on Divinity.
 As Forms angelick can no Envy know,
 Pleas'd Angels saw their Parallel below;
 Say, all who knew her in this blooming Prime,
 'Ere Health and matchless Beauty felt decline,
 With Pride of Worth was her fair Bosom swell'd?
 She seem'd alone unconscious she excell'd,

The

The young Disease, whose Growth did last destroy,
 She watch'd its Progress with becoming Joy :
 To part with Affluence she had no Regret,
 Nor breath'd one Murmur at approaching Fate.
 Self-Anguish ne'er was Subject of Complaint,
 Her Accent pleasant when her Voice was faint ;
 Nay, when convulsive Throbs her Bosom tore,
 With sweet Composure she the Anguish bore ;
 As did the Strength of Agonies increase,
 She on her Friends impos'd a Smile of Peace :
 But when she sees her agonizing Sire,
 And dear Mamma, just ready to expire,
 The filial Operation strong wou'd move,
 She wept with Duty, and deep-sigh'd with Love.
 Knowing she was their only darling Care,
 Their dear Delight, no other Child than her,
 She knew not how to mitigate their Grief,
 Which Words augmented, Tears gave no Relief ;
 Begging the Power wou'd sooth this anxious Woe,
 Calm ev'ry Thought, which now distracted so ;

Decrease

Decrease of Strength, lost Voice, and meagre Face,
 Proclaim'd that Death was marching on apace.
 Fatigu'd with Pain, her vital Spirits flagg'd,
 To bid that Life adieu which long she'd drag'd.
 With dissolutive Breath she softly cry'd,
 "Take me, my God!" so clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.
 But who that saw her Parents deep Distress,
 Souls gnaw'd with Anguish, hopeless of Redress,
 Who this could see, and be from Sorrow kept?
 Ev'n *Turks* had pity'd, cruel *Tartars* wept.

The Character of Lady

WHEN sportive *Fortune* sent *Orinthia* here,
 In View to gain lost Health, by Change of
 Various Thoughts, each anxious in its kind, ^{[Air;}
 Caus'd violent Agitations in my Mind.
 Ignorant how to act in this strange Sphere,
 Look'd on myself as an Intruder here.

But as the Sun the thickest Clouds erase,
 And bids all Nature wear a chearful Face,
 So this *Statira*, very gracious Fair,
 With beaming Goodness dissipates my Care.
Statira's Bosom all the Graces hide,
 Mild without Meanness, Noble without Pride,
 Greatly beneficent, but not profuse,
 Makes ev'ry Passion serve its proper Use.
 Of all fair Virtues, Charity's most fair,
 And that receives Embellishments from her;
 Her Manners make the Gems resplendent shine,
 The Lady's mortal, but her Acts divine;
 Happy herself in making others so,
 High Heaven's Representative below;
 Like that, so kind, so gentle is her Sway,
 That 'tis a grateful Pleasure to obey.
 Long live this bright Example of her Kind,
 Possess of every Beauty of the Mind.
 And while Time drops into Eternity,
 Good, Wife, and Great, be all her Progeny:

My

My Thoughts and Wishes in these Lines are seen,
I scorn to flatter, tho' she were a Queen.

The Character of a Young LADY.

Desired by a GENTLEMAN.

SIR, were that Maid to all as me well known,
No Name cou'd grace my Paper like her own;
Wisdom and Truth, Virtue and spotless Fame,
Are mystick Meanings of her proper Name.
But lest my Lays her modest Worth offend,

Modestia wears the Merits of my Friend:

Methinks, I view in her transparent Mind
Cato and *Seneca* together join'd;

Great as the foremost, as the latter Mild,
A Sage in Knowledge, but in Vice a Child.

Honour and Innocence unite their Charms,

Her lovely Morals bear the Christian Arms,

Her captive Passions bend to Reason's Sway,

Her Will is taught Religion to obey:—

Ah! there's the Plan on which she builds her Joy,
 Whose strong Foundation, Malice can't destroy;
 She bears Life's Changes with an equal Mind;
 Sent a fair Precedent for Woman-kind;
 For each Perfection her great Soul's in search,
 On, on, bright Maid, thou'lt find they're in thy Reach.
 She's a sure Advocate in Virtue's Cause,
 Her Voice is tun'd to charm in her Applause;
 Her Thoughts, her Precepts with Example join,
 To make the World her Friend, as she is mine.

ORINTHIA *once enjoyed* LIFE.

MY Memory grasps the Time when Life had
 [Charm,
 The Recollection still my Bosom warms;
 Like the smooth Surface of a Summer's Tide,
 Did my unruffled Hours in Pleasure glide;
 By Peace incircled, and by Friends carest,
 Scarce 'ere was Virgin so sublimely b'lest;

The

The last Night's Converse, next Day's Thoughts
 And each succeeding Ev'ning brings new Joy, ^{[employ,}
 Quick to my Heart soft Pleasure found her Road,
 When enter'd this delectable Abode;
 A smiling Welcome brighten'd ev'ry Face,
 When I, encaptur'd, took my destin'd Place,
 Which Place to me did stronger Bliss afford,
 Than the Imperial Throne its Purple Lord,
 With artful Sounds the sweet *Elysium* rang,
 Whilst warbling *Daphne* like a Siren sang;
 Extatick Sounds still quaver in my Ears,
 As still my Heart her beauteous Image bears,
 With Learning, Judgment, Wit, and manly Sense,
Almanda points out e'ery Excellence.
 The lovely *Cælia*'s Eyes confess'd this Truth,
 For Elegance of Thought she lov'd the Youth;
 Or cou'd *Diana*, or *Minerva* blame
 So just, so pure, so laudable a Flame?
 Gay *Chloe*'s Form a Stoick's Soul might warm;
 Yet that bright Form is her minutest Charm.

Add to Sweet *Daphne's* Voice, fine Shape and Air; T
 A Soul replete with all that's Good and Fair, A
 But, oh! my *Cynthia*! I k cannot insert, Quick
 Nor Pen write equal Praise to her Desert; When
 These Titles all of Right should deck the fair A
 Bright Saint, brave Hero, wife Philosopher; When
 I, tho' unworthy, was by all carest, Which
 Oh, Joy too high, too exquisite to last, Than
 When my Dictator forc'd me to depart, With
 The harsh Command, I thought, would break my
 Not *Eve* left *Paradise* with more Regret, [Heart
 Than I this hospitable, dear Retreat. As fill my

On the Marriage of a Young LADY.

IT gives me Pleasure, to congratulate
 You on the Alteration of your State;
 Gay blooming Joys attend your Change of Life,
 At once commence true Happiness and Wife.
 May he with whom you plight your ardent Vows,
 Greatly augment the Lover in the Spouse;
 As do your Days, so may your Bliss increase,
 In shining Affluence, and easy Peace.
 Each Wish prevented by indulgent Fate,
 Hymen's best Comforts on your Nuptials wait,
 Paternal Fondness many Thoughts imploy,
 Return'd with duteous Love and grateful Joy;
 Ever exulting in these darling Cares,
 The Spouse unequal'd, and your Virtue's Aims.
 Gay rapturous Love in the Fruition dies,
 Esteem's the Author of substantial Joys;

Not to esteem the Object of our Flame,
 Is blindfold Passion, Love's fictitious Name.
 But you've a Judgment too profound to err,
 And real Bliss to fancy'd will prefer.
 Merit alone can captivate your Heart,
 The favour'd Youth is rich in true Desert:
 Oh! can he boast with you an equal Worth,
 I hail you the most perfect Pair on Earth:
 So tempting the Connubial State will shine,
 As may reclaim the railing Libertine.
 In vast Effusion Heav'n its Joys dispense
 To you, the Pattern of all Excellence;
 I shall be blest in knowing you are so,
 Each Minute multiply those Joys ye know.
 Long be the Chain of your united Years,
 No distant Ill, anticipate through Fears,
 Meet Life's last Stage with chearful Peace of Mind,
 Nature a gentle Dissolution find.
 Mingl'd by Fate your last-expiring Breath,
 And as in Life, so Union find in Death.

When

When the great Retribution Morn appear,
May each a Crown of Deathless Glory wear.

On the Death of a Young GENTLEMAN.

IN P—'s Death too great a Proof we have,
Virtue is no Exemption from the Grave;
Nothing Praise-worthy in the Book of Fame,
But his great Soul had treasur'd up the same;
Lofty his Genius, deeply great his Sense,
Sublime his Wit, graceful his Eloquence;
Acquired with the native Virtues shewn,
Might teach the Teachers Truths till then unknown.
His towering Thoughts soar'd to an envied Height,
His Reason shone conspicuously bright.
By Application plainly it appears,
He'd gain'd Experience of a thousand Years.
His Mind ennobled with Perfections rare,
Of winning Sweetness he'd a Virgin's Share:

And

And is he gone? alas! in him is lost
More than *Greece*, *Troy*, and *Athens* all could boast.

On the Death of the Lady De-la-Croix.

O H! mournful Thought, my Muse shrinks back
[with Dread,
And trembling fears to tell *Udofa's* dead.

Udofa dead! ah, melancholy Truth!

Joy of the World, and in the Pride of Youth,

Most strictly virtuous, fairest of her Kind,

Form'd like a Goddess with an Angel's Mind,

Guarded her Honour with the nicest Care,

Wisdom and Prudence her Endowments were:

Possess'd each Charm which cou'd attract the Eye,

She breath'd Good-sense, and talk'd to edify!

By Death, who rules with arbitrary Sway,

She from her Friends fond Arms was stol'n away,

Pleas'd with the glorious Spoils of that sad Day.

Limbs

Limbs twist with Pain, Pain made her Eye-balls
 Ranfack'd the tender Fibres of her Heart; ^{[start,}
 Fierce agonizing Tortures swell'd each Vein,
 Rack'd every Nerve, gave ev'ry Art'ry Pain.

A horrid Gloom on the Attendants fell,
 The Picture wept for the Original.

Whilst the grim Tyrant did his greatest Spite,
 Her guardian Angel waited for her Flight;

When she the common Debt of Nature paid,

On her soft Wings her Soul to Heav'n convey'd;

Quick pierc'd the starry Region of the Sky,

And to the Mansions of the Blest did fly,

Where by crown'd Saints she a new Song is taught,

In Praise of him whose Blood Redemption bought.

Midst numerous Crowds of blest ones does she stand,

Glory adorns her Head, the Palm her Hand.

But hush, my Muse, this Theme's too high for thee,

Thou must not peep into Eternity.

Descend on Earth, and even there thou'lt find

Part of the fair *Urania* left behind;

Exempt

Exempt from Pain, softly compos'd will stay,

Till rais'd with Glory at the last great Day.

On CHRISTMAS-DAY.

MY Soul, be glad, this Day destroys thy Care,
And hails thee Child of God and Heaven's
See the great Second of the blissful Three,

Clad in the Garments of Mortality!

The Word Omnipotent, which only said,

Let be, and Worlds the awful Word obey'd:

Left his bright Throne, where blissful Spirits bow,

And to the God unites the Man below.

Mysterious Truth, not to be understood,

It was great *Alpha's* Will, and therefore good,

Us to redeem, gave Bounds to boundless Power,

God gave himself, and can a God give more?

See, *Adam*, see, high Tides of Mercy rowl,

To wash the Stains from each believing Soul.

The

The bright Cœlestials from the azure Sky
 In shining Troops, big with *Seraphic* Joy,
 Inform'd the happy ravish'd Shepherds, where
 To find the great Creator of each Sphere;
 Then flew triumphant to their blest abode,
 Sung Peace to Men, and Glory to their God.
Mary, the highly-favour'd of the Lord,
 Bless'd among *Women*, was the Angel's Word.
 In Virtue's Paths without one Slip had trod,
 This Virgin Mother of the Infant God.
 With humble Joy and deep Humility,
 She to her Bosom hugs her Deity.
 She saw, and through her Veins the Pleasure run,
 Her Judge and dear Redeemer in her Son.
 Do thou, my Soul, the grateful Homage pay
 To the illustrious Stranger sent this Day;
 His vast stupendous Love may'st thou adore,
 When Death and Change of Time shall be no more.

*To a young GENTLEMAN on the Return of
the First Volume of POPE's ESSAYS.*

TIS hard to say, where my first Thanks are
[due,
 To the great Author, or the gen'rous You.
 His teaching Pen refulgent Wit displays,
 Charms brod on Charms thro' the enchanting Lays.
 Unrival'd Beauties open to my Sight,
 I'm lost in Wonder, dazzl'd with Delight;
 Harmonious Numbers, gracefully sublime,
 His Genius pointed by the tuneful Nine.
 Impower'd by Heav'n to sooth the Reader's Care,
 Clear misted Reason, dissipate Despair.
 Tell me, you Wise, ye learned Judges say,
 Has he an Equal 'mongst the Sons of Clay?
 Yet though the Sun shine with Meridian Light,
 The Dungeon-Slave still grovels in the Night:
 So my imprison'd Mind benighted lay'd,
 Till you *Pope's* Orb of shining Wit display'd;
 You bid me view the Light, and was obey'd.

To

To both oblig'd, *Pope* writ, and you, Sir, lent;
 These Lines to both my humble Thanks present,
 Pleas'd I return the inexhausted Store,
 But with the selfish Hope of having more.

On the Return of the second Volume.

QUENCH *Etna's* Flames, and then give *Pope*
 He had been deify'd in Heathen Days;
 The *Delphos* Priests had from *Apollo* stray'd
 To *Pope*, the brighter God, their Homage paid;
 Thought it no Sacrilege to rob his Shrine
 Of sacred Honour, to have garnish'd thine;
 The Works eternalize the Author's Fame,
 Nor can Oblivion ever shade his Name.
 From Age to Age, from Pole to Pole shall glide
 Thy Stream of Wit, thou great *Britannia's* Pride;
 Virtue and Vice, together strike our Sight;
 Which sets them both to view in native Light.

Virtue!

Virtue! ah, how divine when Vice stands by!
 And Vice, how odious when fair Virtue's nigh!
 Ah! who would vicious Passions gratify,
 And lose a Soul to purchase Infamy?
 Self-Conquest has more lasting Glory won,
 Than the triumphant Sword of *Philip's* Son.

This to your better Judgment I refer;
 I may mistake, but you, Sir, cannot err.

I'd rather think *Pope's* Writings unpolite,
 Than you the want of Power of judging right.
 Pray, with the Book, my humble Thanks receive,
 A poor Return, but all I have to give;
 I find I'm just, with an ignoble View,
 Pay an old Debt, but to contract a new:

*On the Return of the Third, having been
kept a long Time.*

THIS said, Forgive, and you shall be forgiven,
Mercy's the darling Attribute of Heaven;
Be that your Precedent, and pardon me,
Tho' great my Fault, great my Repentance be.
With Shame and Thanks the Treasure I restore,
Nor dare these guilty Eyes behold you more.
Except you nobly will my Crime o'erlook,
And seal my Pardon with the fourth dear Book.

On the Thirtieth of JANUARY.

FOR Britain's Crimes, great Charles his Life
And for a heavenly gave an earthly Crown;
Ah, happy Change! oh glorious envy'd Saint,
To suffer Death without the least Complaint!

A Royal

A royal Victim fell as on this Day,
 Fell to a barbarous Multitude a Prey;
 By the wild Company the Prince was led
 Unto the Scaffold, where he lost his Head;
 He with a Sainted Patience bore each Wrong,
 Which there was offer'd by the giddy Throng;
 The martyr'd Prince bestow'd his dying Breath,
 In Pray'rs for those, who had conspir'd his Death;
 To what Excess did *Israel* complain,
 When great *Josiah* their lov'd King was slain!
 In pious Sort he did their Groves destroy;
Jehovah's Favourite, and the People's Joy.
 They mourn'd his Loss, and greatly seem'd to dread,
 The Crown wou'd ne'er adorn so good a Head.
 And could *Old England* have the least Content,
 With a slain King and ruin'd Parliament?
 Did she not mourn her *Charles's* untimely Fate,
 Who thro' false Friends a Victim fell to State?
 He lov'd Religion, and the World must own
 His Piety was brighter than his Crown;

The

The general Good was his most studious Care,
 Thus to *Josiah* I our *Charles* compare.
 When to the Father all these Ills were done,
 They did not cease to prosecute the Son.
 The lawful Heir banish'd his native Land,
 And made an Exile where he shou'd command,
 Others invested with Authority,
 And almost tited them with Majesty.
 Such Havock did their wild Ambition make,
 That many suffer'd for Religion's Sake.
England, thou know'st what Duties thou shoud'st
 To this never-to-be-forgotten Day,
 Our Church directs us both to fast and pray.

On the **WORSHIP of the J E W S.**

THIS antiquated Worship crowds my Mind
 With Horror, Wonder, Grief and Pity join'd.
 Mide Light divine this Blindness to embrace,
 Oh, ye infatuated, stubborn Race!
 Why thus enamour'd with your *Moses' Laws*?
 Fonder of Types, than of the Types great Cause.
 The Prophets in *Messiah's* Birth agree,
 He whom you slew, fulfill'd each Prophecy;
 Birth-time and Place, and Miracles so fam'd,
 Life, Death, and Resurrection, Christ proclaim'd;
 His bright Ascension proved the Deity,
 Making a Captive of Captivity.
 Spite of the Arts your Ancestors employ'd,
 His holy Gospel cou'd not be destroy'd;
 Secur'd from Flames and Persecution's spite,
 To make the gentle World its Profelyte;
 Why err you then 'gainst such convictive Light?

Strengthen

Strengthen my Christian Faith, O gracious Lord;
 And to the *Jews* thy saving Grace afford;
 Bring them to herd with thy most chosen Sheep;
 And then, great Lord of Souls, the Pasture keep.

On BEDLAM.

THE Architecture's noble to the Sight,
 Did all within concur to give Delight;
 But how reverse! each Object frights the Mind;
 Than see such Sights, 'tis better to be blind.
 The human Species quite irrational,
 'Tis piteous, wond'rous piteous, on my Soul
 Here flashing Fury darting from the Eyes
 Of a self-call'd God, and Ruler of the Skies,
 Commanding Thunder on his Strawy Bed,
 Swears by himself he'll strike all Nature dead,
 Turn Earth to Chaos, the azure Arch disorb,
 Hell, Death, and Devils, were his servile Curb.

Frantick in Motion, Aspect wild and fierce,
 His Neighbour Wretch, who breaths not but to Curse,
 Extended Arms that point of Passion hit,
 Now close contracted, no Divorce admit;
 Eyes upward cast, with fierce convulsive Might
 Straining the Fibres of the Orbs of Light,
 With change of Rage far starts the Bloodshot Ball;
 This inward Passion varies in us all.

A Third, what came to hand he strove to tear
 Foaming with choking Gust, forgot to Swear;
 Now dismal Accents or Blasphemous Howl,
 With blackest Imprecations load his Soul.
 The next shew'd greater Grief, but lesser Dread,
 A Crown of platted Straws adorn'd his Head;
 A Badge of Honour on his Breast expos'd,
 The same Materials which the Crown compos'd,
 His Port spoke Majesty and manly Grace,
 If Rational, sure Noblest of his Race;
 Scepter'd he sat as on a Regal Throne,
 And greatly thought the World was all his own,
 Demanding

Demanding Homage to a Sovereign due;
 So look'd and spoke, I half believ'd it true:
 Me, Gales of Sighs this self-joy'd Object cost,
 That such a noble Structure shou'd be lost,
 A Singing Lover next attracts my Eyes,
 Whose gentle Wildness gave a soft Surprise,
 With pointed Wit he quaver'd *Della's* praise,
 Most sweetly warbled the enchanting Lays,
 Is't possible cry'd I, Numbers Sublime
 Shou'd flow from Madness, in less space of time
 Than Reason asks, to regulate her Rhime,
 Fancy and Wit from Reason's Fetters free,
 Make loftier Tours, and swifter soar than she.
 'Tis o'er the Medium she exerts her Rule,
 Nor Soars to them, nor Grovels with the Fool;
 Gay Fantoms suit the light distemper'd Mind,
 In Cogency of Thought they Madness find,
 Adieu, extempore Youth, whose artless Lyre
 Might soften Rage, and gentle Love inspire;

And turn'd to one who curs'd his rigid Fate,
 And cruel *Sylvia's* strange capricious Hate,
 Tear her, ye Gods! blast her, ye reigning Powers!
 Let *Ætna's* Flames to her seem Beds of Flowers!
 Heat, Thirst and Hunger, on her Vitals prey,
 Ungratify'd, turn every Wish away;
 Mix her best Prayers with wanton Blasts of Air,
 Gods, hurt her not, she's so divinely Fair!
 Thought I, this strange Inconstancy of Mind,
 Too oft in Beings Rational we find,
 If Change from Nature her Existence draws,
 Why blame we Man, when Nature is the Cause?
 Thy Pardon, Nature, I've aspers'd thy Name,
 Thou ne'er compell'st, and therefore Man's to blame:
 Wer't thou predominant, as some have said,
 Of course thy Dictates then must be obey'd;
 But Life's a Warfare, Passions are the Foes,
 Slaves if we yield, we Conquer if oppose.
 But I've digress'd; shou'd I return or halt?
 Sure to Elope from *Bedlam* is no fault;

But

But lest the World some madder Schemes display,
 Return, my Muse, to finish the sad Lay:
 I left the cursing, half-repenting Swain,
 (Oh, Mem'ry! why dost thou this Sight retain?)
 Stretch'd on the Floor, with Countenance aghast,
 Meagre Despair his Spectre Form o'ercastr,
 No Motion, but a melancholy Heave
 In drawing Breath, to witness he did live.
 Good God! sigh'd I, bid all his Anguish cease,
 And teach his Soul the flow'ry Paths of Peace,
 "Come, said my Friend, assume a cheerful Face,
 "Forget this Object, or we quit the Place."
 'Dear Sir, forget! you might advise as well,
 Me to forget I ever read of Hell.
 Our Visit next, was to a Youth as gay,
 As warbling Linnets in the Month of May,
 Sung, danc'd and play'd, tho' causeless to rejoice,
 That wanton Laughter quaver'd in his Voice;
 Strange antick Motions, gay affected Airs,
 Then Eyes half clos'd, and now as broadly stares;

Of Inconsistency his Talk consist,
 First spurn'd the Straw, then flatter'd, cring'd and
 Was and was not, wou'd and yet wou'd not be,^{[kiss'd ;}
 To him Confinement was full Liberty.

Now, asks my Friend, how do your Passions move ?

Thus answer'd I, to Pity without Love,

Provokes my Laughter, as it strains my Tears,

For this gay Oddity exempt from Fears.

My Hand he took, to lead me forth to see

My own weak Sex in equal Misery ;

These rag'd, those laught, some sung Love-Sonnets

Acting those various Scenes nam'd heretofore :^{[o'er,}

I notic'd one, who by her easy Grace,

Seem'd no Inhabitant of that sad Place,

Nature's first Darling, as to Form and Face.

If *Orpheus*' Lyre erst sooth'd the Fiends of Hell,

Sure her sweet Voice might *Bedlam* Frenzy quell ;

A Wreath of Flowers her fair Temples grac'd,

White Lilies near her whiter Bosom plac'd ;

She

She was, or sure at least she seem'd to be,
Nature's whole Beauty in Epitome.

' Fair one (cry'd I) what Motive brought you here?

" Love, answered she with Accent quick and clear;

" Love, Madam, Love my easy Heart made Slave,

" Love, that's unknown to any but the Brave.

" Oh ! had you known the Object of my Flame,

" You'd love him too, *Lysander* was his Name.

" Oh, he cou'd charm ! but now, they say, he's dead;

" Well ! rest his Soul, they've wrapp'd him in cold

" If you can keep the Secret, I'll impart, ^[Lead]

" *Lysander* lives, I hide him in my Heart.

" To dress my Love, I wear these Violets sweet,

" At Night we visit, whilst old *Argus* sleeps.

" But don't you blab it, fear of my old Dad,

" He'd have me fetter'd, and believes me Mad;

" *Lysander* minds him not, and why should I?

" We'll mount on *Pegasus*, and thus we'll fly."

She gave me Flowers with a wildly Air :

" Give them to Cousin *Jack*, stands peeping there.

I smiling

I smiling gave the Flowers as desir'd,
 Breath'd her a Sigh of Pity, and retir'd,
 My Mind suggested that fair stately Pile,
 Fair to Perfection, innocently wild.
 Reason or Virtue gone, what's a sweet Mien,
 A set of Features, a fine tinctur'd Skin?
Juba, I find, 'tis these give Beauty Worth;
 Possess'd of these, she'd shine a Star on Earth.
 The next impatient seem'd to be obey'd,
 Coaches, Retinue, Brilliants, Gold Brocade;
 Her strong Infatuation gave me Pain,
 Reason dethron'd by Pride, of Ills most vain.
 Those, whom the Doctor's operating Art
 Forc'd right Communion 'twixt the Head and Heart,
 Traverse the Gallery's length, with Motions free,
 Gay with the Grave, Sullen with Pleasantry:
 " Oblige me with a Pinch of Snuff, cry'd one,
 " And me, and me, and me," they all went on.
 I the ask'd Dust promiscuously bestow,
 For which they thank'd with Curt'sy, Smile or
 [Bow.
 " Well,

“ Well, (said my Friend) are you yet satisfy’d?

‘ I’d breathe in Reason’s Air, Sir, (I reply’d)

‘ So, if you please, I’m ready to depart;

‘ This Place makes deep Impressions on my Heart.

Which said, we left the dreadful sad Abode,

In mental Pray’r I breath’d this forth to God.

From wild Distraction, oh, keep me secure,

And let my Reason with my Life endure.

May Christian Fortitude my Mind support,

Nor be the But for frantick Passion’s Sport.

On HYPOCRISY.

HYPOCRISY! ah, how can I define
Thy Nature; oh, thou Claret-colour’d Crime!
Compound of Vice, true Quintessence of Sin,
Fair in Appearance, black as Hell within;
Hyæna like, thou flatter’st to destroy,
On others Ruin build’st thy hurtful Joy.

Can

Can dip thy Words in Sweets, thy Heart in Gall,
 Smile on them most, whom first thou deem'st to fall;
 Can sooth and fawn, caress, and fondly bend,
 And in the Wish that Instant damn the Friend.
 Put on Religion's Garb for a Disguise,
 Under which Habit thou'd deceive the Wise,
 With Eyes and Hands lift to the blest Abode,
 Thy Neighbours to betray, and mock thy God.
 Still as white Powder in destructive Wiles,
 Like Tyrant *Richard*, murder when thou smiles.
 Extend'st thy Pray'rs the righteous few to kill;
 Saint in Appearance, Devil in thy Will.
 Sometimes the Poor, Gifts from thy Hands receive,
 But 'tis for Ostentation's Sake you give.
 Rigidly just in Things of small Pretence,
 Throw'st Justice by in Things of Consequence.
 With seeming Piety paint'st o'er thy Crimes,
 With guileful Friendship gild'st thy black Designs.
 The Praise of others gives thee mortal Pain,
 Thirsty to purchase, not to merit Fame.

Oh!

Oh ! wretched Man, whose Bosom is the Clime,
 The which produces this Gigantick Crime;
 The Heir of Hell, may I not call it so,
 'Gainst whom the Prince of Peace pronounces Woe.
 Giver of Life, guide thou my Soul aright,
 Let me not err against Conviction's Light;
 Nor share the Portion of the Hypocrite.

On FORTUNE.

WOu'd *Fortune* throw her threat'ng Aspect by,
 And cast on me a more propitious Eye,
 To my Advantage turn the Wheel of Fate,
 Toss me on high amongst the Rich and Great;
 On the high Spoke of pompous Honour plac'd,
 Possessing all the Sweets that Grandeur taste;
 Gay rich Brocades, Gold mix'd with various Dyes,
 On which reflecting Light dazles the Eyes;
 Diamonds arrang'd to decorate my Hair,
 Fine *Point* and *Brussels*, drest with *debonaire*;
 Delicious

Delicious Dainties on my Table plac'd,
 A thousand Lives devoted to my Taste;
 The Side-board shining with Magnificence,
 Displaying Vanity at vast Expence;
 With various Wines the vaulted Cellar stor'd,
 And stealing *Burgundy* pass round the Board;
 Coach and Retinue waiting my Command,
 Spacious Apartments curiously adorn'd;
 Illuminating Tapers blazing gay,
 The Midnight shining as Meridian Day,
 All temper'd with *Arabia's* rich Perfume,
 Which, as they burn, with Odours fill the Room;
 The stately Beds, finish'd with vast Expence
 Of quick Invention, Pride, and Affluence:
 My humble Birth, to that my suited Mind,
 Cou'd sweet Repose in less Profusion find.
 Fine regulated Gardens dress'd with Art,
 Nature as unpolite, quite set apart;
 If more than nam'd, Fortune, those Gifts are thine,
 Exalt, debase, make ragged, plain or fine.

So much thy Smiles infatuate the Mind,
 We count thy Favours fickle as the Wind,
 Suppose thou dress'd me finest Thing on Earth,
 Self-seen thus gay, I'd blush myself to Death,
 An easy Medium might this Blush prevent,
 I'd barter Brilliants for that Gem *Content*.
 Thou hast no Pow'r that Jewel to dispense;
 Therefore I'll pay my Court to Providence.

On a LADY much admir'd.

I'VE read of Goddeses, and Fiction's Pride,
 Had we been Heathens, she'd been deify'd.
 Venus's Altars had neglected been,
 And Homage paid to Beauty's brighter Queen.
 So wisely innocent, so softly gay,
 And looks, such Looks as steal all Hearts away.
 Beware, ye free unguarded Youths, beware;
 View not a Face so dangerously fair.

One fix'd Regard commences Slavery,
Where's he that's seen, yet boasts of Liberty?

*Being oblig'd to go into Company, when
not Well.*

MY Heart's so sad, and yet my Looks so gay,
Methinks I act the Hypocrite Day.

Strange over-bearing of my Fate,

Force me to be the very thing I hate!

I'm Masquerading in a gay Disguise,

If't be found out, my Soul betrays my Eyes.

As yet no Mistress of this modern Art,

That sets the Look at variance with the Heart,

This antiquated Lesson taught when Young,

Keep a strict Union 'twixt the Thought and

[Tongue.

Of Folly incident to Infancy,

My Parents most severely chid a Lye.

Now

This I imbib'd, ere judge of Wrong and Right,
 Now think it Honest, tho' 'tis Unpolite :
 Polite's a Precept for the Great and Fair,
 Plain Honesty best suits my humble Sphere ;
 Why this Decision then, from long-taught Rules,
 Leave Apery to gay affected Fools :
 I from Consistency must not depart,
 Smile and look pleas'd, when Anguish gnaws my
 To force a Laugh, when a discerning Eye ^{[Heart ;}
 Sees my Sick Bosom heave to draw a Sigh,
 Your Pardon, Gentry, take it as you please,
 To make me pleasant, set my Mind at Ease.

On a View of the S E A.

THOU Won'drous Wonder, vaste-extended ^{[Sight !}
 Thy Rage gives Horror, thy Restraint Do- ^{[light}
 Inconstant Constancy attends thy Course,
 Thy angry Waves rul'd by an unseen Force.

Cause they oft pass and repass, who can find ?
 Can the most studious Philosophick Mind ?
 Thou mighty Paradox, bound boundless Spring,
 Great common Miracle, strange wond'rous Thing !
 With prideful Arrogance thy Waves are curl'd,
 Each Billow threatens Deluge to the World ;
 Mountains of Sea the Azure Archment kiss,
 Then tumble Bellowing to the deep Abyfs ;
 Vast when thy foaming Rage commences Storm,
 And equal Wonder the ensuing Calm.
 Thy strong untir'd Motion, fall to rise,
 That a most charming, this a dread Surprise.
 Much of this Subject Royal *David* wrote,

His great inspir'd Muse thy Wonders quote,
 Did of thy num'rous Finny Sporters sing,
 Stil'd great Leviathan the Water's King.

The high uplifted Waves their Voices raise,
 To Chant, or rather Roar their Vocal Praise,
 To him, whose Rule this rapid World obeys.

At

At whose especial Presence *Jordan* flew,
 The Tides ran back, the frightened Waves withdrew!
 Aghastment struck the Center of the Deep,
 Tempest perceiving God, was hush'd asleep.
 Thus Heav'n, Earth, Air and Sea, obey thy Nod,
 Thou all-creating, self existing God.

On seeing two Malefactors pass by.

O H! thou, who for the World thy Life did'st give,
 Into thy Arms their fleeting Souls receive;
 For thou delight'st only in doing Good,
 Oh! Seal their Pardon with thy precious Blood.

*To a Young Gentleman whose third Mistress
 was Married.*

THOU, hapless Youth, dost my Compassion
 To lose the Third dear Object of thy ^{[move,}
 Of all the Votaries Hearts at *Cupid's* Shrine, ^{[Love;}
 None more susceptible of Love than thine;

For Beauty thou hast a most profound Regard,
 Pity that Worth thou'd meet with such Reward!!
 Tears are a Tribute a fond Girl may pay;
 Do thou express thy Grief some nobler way,
 Shun *Buteman's* Fate, nor Sword nor Poison try,
 But, of the Wound her Beauty gave thee, die.

*To a Gentleman who disorder'd a Lady's
 Handkerchief, and immediately cut his
 Thumb.*

YOUR Punishment is just, you must confess,
 'Cause you the Rules of Chastity transgress,
 Good Heaven saw, and did the Sight detest,

An Impious Hand upon a Virgin's Breast,
 To Expiate the Fault that Hand had done,
 Blood runs in Torrents from your wounded Thumb;
 Let this deter you from an Act so rude,
 Lest Serpents sting you, when you next intrude,

OSMOND

OSMOND'S *noble Love* for AMARILLA.

WHERE Streams in softest Murmurs run,
And Zephyrs gently blow;

Melodious *Amarilla* sung,

To sooth her inward Woe.

My Eyes, till then, had never seen

Such Elegance of Face;

Nor Heart, till then, ere charm'd had been

With Harmony and Grace.

In Transport lost, I stood to view

A Form so heavenly bright;

Ten thousand Hearts were but her Due,

Ten thousand Slaves her Right.

With Trees conceal'd, by her unseen,

I heard the finish'd Song;

With Sainted Looks, Angelick Mien,

Thus spoke the Fair unknown:

' Oh! *Providence*, thy Ways are just,
 ' Tho' deep and intricate,
 ' Incomprehensible to us,
 ' In this our Mortal State.
 ' I'm orphan'd by my Father's Fall,
 ' He fell through vengeful Strife;
 ' His darling Joy expos'd to all
 ' The various Ills of Life.
 ' Cold *Poverty*, and dread *Contempt*,
 ' Affright me with their Glares;
 ' From all Life's Comforts I'm exempt,
 ' And ever flow with Cares.
 ' Please, oh! thou Source of Life and Light,
 ' My erring Steps to guide;
 ' Nor let pale Want my Soul affright,
 ' From humble *Virtue's* Side.
 Then rose to go, I to her flew,
 And caught her trembling Hand!
 My Person, Heart, and Fortune too,
 Are all at your Command.

My

My offer'd honest Love the crown'd
 With virtuous Truth immense ;
 I bless the Day my Love I found,
 To share my Affluence.

ON CREON.

MY Muse so dull, then I a Theme must chuse,
 So very bad as thou cannot abuse.
 Then for a Subject, I'm not at a Loss,
 Creon's so bad, thou can't not make him worse.
 Creon, the Pierce, the Noisy, and Profane,
 Proud without Equal, to a Proverb Vain.
 Fond of his own Opinion, fonder yet
 Of ludicrous Retorts, and thinks them Wit.
 When speaks he, but to wound the modest Ear?
 And Virtue trembles when her Foe is near ;
 Fearing that his polluted Breath should taint,
 With baneful Pestilence the purest Saint.

Flush'd

Flush'd with deep Draughts of operating Wine,
 The Vestal is unsafe at Virtue's Shrine,
 In Theory, Word, and Practice dissolute,
 That Brutes of Instinct scorn this human Brute.
 All Nature starts, when his blasphemous Breath
 Burlesques the Heav'ns, and Author of their Birth.
 Black State of Woe! oh, Guilt's depressive Load!
 'Tis dreadful Merit to believe no God:
 Where will he hide when injur'd Justice draws
 Her flaming Sword in her great Master's Cause?
 When oft-rejected Mercy takes her Flight,
 And Justice seals him in eternal Night?
 Avert the Stroke with Sighs, Heart-racking Fears,
 And deprecate her Anger with thy Tears;
 Turn, turn from Sin, repent ere 'tis too late;
 Oh! shun the Ruin of the Reprobate.

The EVENING-WALK.

THE Evening tempts, but more my Friend's
 To take a Walk, but wish'd to be retire^{[Desire,}
 To sooth which Wish, we sought a calm Retreat,
 A sweet Obscurity from Noise and Heat.
 Nature with lavish Hands threw Verdure round,
 Trees bloom'd with Sweets, with Fragrancy the^{[Ground.}
 The Air perfum'd, as from *Arabia's* Coast,
 Art stood abash'd, as having nought to boast,
 Thro' shaded Boughs we view'd a spacious Glade,
 Thro' whose proud Meadow ran a fair Cascade;
 Enamell'd Banks, as a rich Carpet gay,
 The Streams reflect the Sun-beams as they play;
 The which to view sat two gay Sons of *Earth*,
 Whose noble Port spoke Dignity of Birth;
 From hence Curiosity excites Divorce,
 To plant our Ears in reach of their Discourse.

We

We hop'd Improvement through united Trees,
 Stood mutely silent as the softest Breeze;
 His Voice who first did clear Distinction reach,
 Answer'd his Friend's Precedency of Speech.

‘ Gods ! shall I credit these dull Things you say ?

‘ Married five Years, still bless your Nuptial Day ?

‘ ’Tis Fiction all, *Portius*, you play me foul,

‘ Your gnawing Fetters gangle in your Soul.

‘ You smile in Pain, like Satan when he fell,

‘ Fal’n from my State, you tempt me to your Hell.

‘ But, Fiend, avaunt, I see thy artful Wiles,

‘ My steadfast Soul scorns the delusive Guiles.

“ Mistaken Youth (the other calm reply’d)

“ I’m blest beyond thy Hopes, above thy Pride ;

“ What can make soft the rigid Ills of Life,

“ Like the Endearments of a virtuous Wife ?

“ Vice in its gaudy Colours once I priz’d,

“ And every modish Folly idoliz’d.

“ Too like yourself, lov’d Vanity as Breath,

“ Hating Reflection as I hated Death.

“ To

" To purchase fleeting, lasting Joys did give,
 " Till my *Dorinda* taught me how to live;
 " With winning Sweetness she subdu'd my Heart,
 " Untipp'd with Gold or transient Charms her Dart.
 " Beauty immense is treasur'd in her Mind,
 " There all attractive, rich and fair, I find.
 " The Sun's hatch'd Diamond, bred in *India's* Earth,
 " Mere Trash compar'd to her intrinsic Worth.
 " Serene her Temper as the azure Skies,
 " Nobly modest, most elegantly wise.
 " If I, as *Tully*, Rhetorick understood,
 " Praise wou'd be faint, I can but call her Good.
 " Oh! she's my All, my Life, my darling Care,
 " Naught but the Heav'n she's taught can rival her.
 " 'Tis said, Fruition will extinct Love's Fire:
 " 'Tis false, she's more and more my Soul's Desire.
 " Age but improves her Charms, grey Hairs will shine,
 " She's now a Wonder, then she'll be Divine."
 The other reassum'd, *Partius*, I'm glad
 " You'r still my Friend, but by the Gods you're mad.

' Else you had known our Sex created free,
 ' Will unrestrain'd, blest in Variety,
 ' From Heav'n we drew our high-distinguish'd Birth,
 ' World-ruling Lords, a kind of Gods on Earth,
 ' Woman was made subservient to our Pow'r,
 ' To gratify a loose licentious Hour.
 ' Incapable of a sublimer Joy,
 ' Mere—Hold, my Friend, call not *Dorinda* Toy;
 " Urge not my Wrath, nor dare with Lips profane,
 " Best of the best of Sexes loosely name.
 " Women, where all that's Good and Fair beside,
 " Born to be Slaves to our capricious Pride!
 " 'Tis Contradiction, Heaven is more kind,
 " Than to inflict Gares on a tender Mind;
 " Nature's great Lord, whose Wisdom none can
 " Draw their Perfections from a brighter Plan,
 " To make up the Defect he saw in Man.
 " That we are born to Rule, is greatly true,
 " But we are bid to Love and cherish too.
 " Esteem

" Esteem their Worth, honour their virtuous

" Shelter their Innocence from rude Alarms; [^{Charms,}

" As the choice Gift of Heav'n, hold them dear,

" Part of ourselves, but in a softer Sphere:

" Tho' some are fill'n, 'tis mean, 'tis base to blame

" Or brand the Guiltless with the Guilty's Shame;

" Renounce the Last, the First will seem more Fair,

" Strengthen our Bliss, and brighten dull Despair,

" Make Life worth Thanks, and all our Joys im-

" Nay, give Foretastes of Heav'n in virtuous Love." [^{prove,}

This said, a Silence most profound ensu'd,

Till chang'd *Lysander* the Discourse renew'd;

' To these sweet Truths I'm Profelyte become,

' Owe my Conversion to your friendly Tongue;

' Yet what's Conviction but a direful Bane,

' Which shews the Heav'n I lose, the Hell I gain?

' I'm justly doom'd to languish in Despair,

' Whose sawcy Pride dar'd to blaspheme the Fair;

' Like the rich Fruit of the forbidden Tree,

' They Tempt, but all prohibited to me.

' I'm

'I'm lost to Hope'—*Partius* in haste reply'd,
 "Droop not, my Friend, live and be satisfy'd,
 "That Love's the Source of all our Bliss below,
 "The Spring from whence sublimest Pleasures flow.
 "Nor let past Ill, the present Good prevent,
 "The Heav'n-born Fair pardons when we re-
Lysander sigh'd, and said, 'Ye Powers ^[pent] Divine,
 "If this be true, *Stella* may still be mine;
 "So Blest, my future Conduct shall atone
 "For all the Follies my past Life has known.
 When this was spoke, Time, that no Bribe can stay,
 Brought on the Night, and summon'd us away.

The Tea-Table Conversation.

MY Muse I must employ thee, but in what?
 Suppose it be in *Tea-Table* Chit-chat.
 Methinks I see the shining China stand,
 Upon some pretty Fancy in Japan;

The

The Tea-Chest brought, where the best *Hyson* lies;
 The Sugar's Whiteness, new-dropt Snow outvies;
 The Bread and Butter cut exceeding Thin,
 And Water newly drawn, brought Boiling in:
 The Crystal Stream, while thus severely hot,
 Runs murm'ring from the Kettle to the Pot;
 Soon as receiv'd, 'tis chang'd in Quality,
 From simple Water to celestial Tea.
 None but the virtuous Few my Table Grace,
 With blooming Innocence in ev'ry Face.
 Here the wise Matron, in Discourse sedate,
 Prudently true, as the Decrees of Fate,
 Her Neighbours Virtues gracefully displays;
 Serenely Silent, where she cannot Praise.
 She knows our Nature must its Foibles wear;
 To her own Few she only is severe.
 Next her a blooming Bride, for Bliss design'd,
 Who with the richest Jewels decks her Mind;
 Nor can the Eastern Beauty of the Sky,
 Dress'd in the Sun's gay Beams, her Charms outvie;

So softly wise and innocently gay,
 So nobly mild and chearful as the Day;
 Her edifying Converſe all approve,
 Wiſely ſhe treats upon the Subject Love ;
 With nicest Art ſhe ev'ry Beauty draws,
 And ſweetly vindicates her Marriage Cauſe.
 Next, dress'd in Virgin Sweets a lovely Maid,
 Whoſe Form Ten thousand thousand Hearts coin-
 Her Voice like Breath of Angels, ſoft and fine, ^{[vade,}
 Attractive Graces all around her ſhine,
 By Virtue rais'd to more than half Divine. []]
 Sublime her Thoughts, Words Elegant, but few,
 Yet ſtrongly pertinent, and juſtly true,
 Her crystal Mind gives various Virtues Birth,
 Her ſelf alone unconſcious of her Worth.
 Next a fair Spring of Charms in fragrant Bud,
 Fraught with rich Promiſes of being Good,
Africa's Spice Ambroſial Sweets leſs rare,
Eden's beſt Product ſure was not ſo fair :
 Wou'd

Wou'd draw Attention with her witty Prate,
 And give an Idea of the Infant State
 Of smiling Nature, e're the Reign of Vice,
 Dislog'd our Parents from their Paradise :
 From each to each due Deference is shewn,
 Censure and Calumny are things unknown ;
 Fashion and Dress not many thoughts imploy,
 Nor Adoration gives unbounded Joy.
 You'l say, what were the Topicks of the Fair ?
 It must be Politicks or humble Prayer,
 The Visit short, or the Love-story long.
 In all your guessing, Friend, you're in the Wrong,
 Some Words of Praise flew on the Bride's Brocade,
 Perk'd on her Brilliants and her Brussels Head ;
 Her lovely Presence Silence did impose,
 Or they had prais'd the Wearer, not the Cloaths ;
 They lavish'd just Encomiums on their Friends,
 The shining Maid her Rivalist commends.
 Men, for the sake of dear Variety,
 Will change, tho' in the Change they, worsted be.

Tho' this transcends in Wit, in Form, in Air,
 And moves in Virtue's most exalted Sphere;
 She thinks her Rival's Charms plead an Excuse
 For the once Lovely, now Inconstant Youth,
 Seems satisfy'd, nought but superior Worth
 Cou'd give this new, this mighty Passion birth:
 This said, the gen'ral Voice was, ' Pray excuse
 ' Our want of Credit, cou'd he better chuse?
 ' No no, the Error in his Judgment lies,
 ' Here he'd for ever fix'd, had he been Wise.
 She with a graceful sweet Confusion bow'd,
 Which spoke their Sentiments were not allow'd.
 At their Request the finish'd Beauty sings,
 And with unerring Fingers touch'd the Strings;
 They all around in pleasing Transport stand,
 To view the artful Movement of her Hand;
 The Sound and Voice inspir'd each Breast with
 And gave them Notions of the Joys above.

[Love,

On

On Authors next the Conversation turns,
 The little silent Dear with Honour burns,
Cato and *Cæsar's* Fall together mourns.
 With Joy they saw the Tears escape her Eyes,
 And read her Nature generous and wise.
 On *Pope*, on *Swift*, on *Addison*, on *Gay*,
 They all Comment, justly I ought to say;
 With praiseful Chaplets they *Pope's* Temples bound,
 And his *Essay on Man* with Laurel crown'd;
 Which done, the Clock now summon'd them to
 And each regrets the Loss of such Desert.

To a Gentleman who doubted ORINTHIA'S
Veracity.

DOUBT my Veracity! Suspicious Youth,
 Be't known, *Orinthia* glories in the Truth;
 Rigid unpolish'd Truth more charms my Sense,
 Than Falshood rob'd in shining Eloquence;

She's my vast Worth, my only darling Pride,
 It gall'd my Soul to have myself bely'd.
 That I'm commenc'd your Debtor, is most true,
 Retorting not the Lye, which was your Due.

To her Sister, who was very fond of London,

THIS strange our Sentiments so ill agree,
 What's kind of Heav'n to you, is Hell to me.

How vast we differ in this one Regard !
 That which wou'd punish me, wou'd you reward.

The Air all Smoak, so scorching hot the Sun,
 Heathens wou'd swear 'twas done by *Phaeton*.

Your Notion must be good, your Judgment right ;
London may have its Charms for the Polite.

*On hearing his ROYAL HIGHNESS the
Duke of C - - - - D was in Great
Danger in Flanders.*

SHOU'D W - - - M fall, give Patience to my
Or Strength to throw Revenge from Pole to Pole. ^{[Soul,}

Ah! was my Will and Power equal now,
France shou'd pay Homage, *Spain* be taught to bow.
Avert, good Heav'n, the royal Hero's Fall,
Give his Sword Triumph, Conquest to his Ball;
Glory attend his Steps, Renown his Hand,
Wisdom and Conduct shine in each Command.

He toils, he labours in his Country's Cause,
His Arm wears Liberty, Support of Laws.

Of *British* Worthies first, inroll his Name

In the fair Records of immortal Fame.

But shou'd he fall, still, still that Thought intrudes,

As *Clato's* Son, oppress'd by Multitudes;

Spite of our Sex, no Bus'ness with the War,

Its Dangers, Toils, its Glories 'bove our Sphere;

For him my Blood in Deathful Horrors roll,
 Fierce Anguish shoots her Venom thro' my Soul.
 Can I see *Britain's* Warriors in Distress,
 And breathe her Air, and not their Ills redress?
 If Fate can err in this, she was unkind
 To cloath with Female Limbs a Hero's Mind.
 Methinks I could meet Death with Bravery,
 To serve my God, my King, and Country;
 Since Arms wou'd suit my Virgin Hands so ill;
 I'll weep a Deluge, so my Eyes shall kill.

On a pressing Occasion of GRIEF.

WHAT various Ills must poor *Orinthia* know!
 What must I suffer in this World of Woe?
 My Glas of Life, deep dash'd with nauseous Gally,
 I've drank full Draughts, and must I Dregs and all?
 Alas! I'm not impower'd to deny
 The bitter Potion, but must drink or die:

Nor is the Fear of Death my Soul's Affright,
 But of offending Goodness infinite.
 Did not my Faith forbid this tragick Part,
 I'd drain the crimson Torrent of my Heart.
 No *Roman* Breast shou'd meet the pointed Steel
 With nobler Resolutions than I feel;
 Nor cou'd be seen in their untainted Blood,
 Braver Desires of the general Good.
Cato's own Hand made Passport for his Soul,
 Too great to own a Lord, or bear Controul;
 All Means he try'd to prop a sinking State,
 His Non-Success urg'd him to certain Fate.
 The self-made Wound spoke dauntless Bravery,
 But *Cato* is no Precedent for me.
 National his, a private Sorrow mine,
 Yet shou'd in Cause less differ than in Crime.
 Stern rigid Honour was his Soul's best Guide,
 A kind of Stoicism and Heathen Pride.
 I've had more mild, yet nobler Precepts given,
 Preach'd by the great Original of Heav'n;

As then was not approach'd the happy Morn;
 When the Redeemer of Mankind was born;
 Stranger to this incarnate Deity,
 Whose own Example taught Humility,
 Earth had not seen its agonizing Lord,
 Who when betray'd, bid *Peter* sheath his Sword;
 Saw not this spotless Lamb to Slaughter led,
 Nor heard his Pray'rs for those for whom he bled.
 With God's hot Wrath his bitter Cup was fill'd,
 Resign'd he drank, 'cause so his Father will'd.
 Grant I'd ne'r been these Christian Virtues taught,
 To be, or not to be's a mighty Thought.
 Whether, O *Shakespeare*, 'tis more great to bear
 Our Load of Ills, or fly to Death from Care,
 My Verdict's for the First, as greater far.
 Calm let me bear my heavy Weight of Grief,
 Till Heav'n in Pity send me some Relief.
 Nor dare to wish to raise an impious Hand,
 T' invade his Right, who Life and Death command:
 Usurp

Usurp the Privilege of the most High,
 Or e'er I'm summon'd once, presume to die.
 Fierce Gusts of Grief like rapid Torrents roll,
 Whose Inundations rush thro' all the Soul,
 O'er-powering Virtue with impetuous Rage,
 Till Pray'r repel, and Penitence assuage.
 A greater Conquest, as my Mind suggests,
 Than Empires won by War, by War possess.
 Come, smiling Patience, bid my Anguish cease;
 Come, pure Religion, lull my Mind to Peace:
 Oh! let my vanquish'd Soul confess thy Pow'r,
 Guide thou her Steps to her last fleeting Hour:
 Unveil thy Face, be ev'ry Charm display'd;
 Take my Will captive, smile, and be obey'd.

To

To a Gentlemen in a hopeful Way of Recovery from a dangerous Illness.

Welcome, welcome, Brother Mortal,
To this busy World again,

Grief's Abode, and where in short all

Our most fond Delights are vain.

We should most exult in Pleasure,

Which does flow from Peace of Mind ;

That's the greatest Source of Treasure

We on this side Heav'n can find.

Be no more deprest in Spirit,

Re-assume your late Content ;

'Tis to People of most Merit

That the greatest Ills are sent.

Never, never be astonish'd ;

For good Ends, the Great All-wise

Lets the Vicious live unpunish'd,

And the Virtuous does chastise.

Patient *Job* was most afflicted

Among all the Sons of Earth,

Yet the least to Vice addicted

Of all Men who e'er drew Breath.

David too did greatly languish,

He refus'd his Food and Rest,

Rack'd with Pain and fearful Anguish,

Yet of Men he was the best.

Fortune favours the Capricious,

Pleases the ignoble Sort;

The Great, the Brave, and the Judicious,

Don't the fickle Goddess court.

With her Smiles not too much taken,

Tho' she deigns on them to wait,

Ætna-like they stand unshaken

Midst the Storms of adverse Fate.

An

*An irregular Verse of the Old Landlady
at Cley, next the Sea.*

SHE's lively and pleasant,
Brisk, nimble and neat;

So blest as a Peasant,

She envies no Great.

In good frugal Plenty

Provides for her Guest,

With same Ease for Twenty,

As Seven or less.

Their Fowl boil'd or roasted,

Veal wears no Disguise,

Fresh Fish may be boasted,

Which nicely she fries;

With Sauce rightly flavour'd,

Shrimp, Oysters and Crab,

Beef fat and well-savour'd,

At Soop an old Dab.

Pudding

Pudding enrich'd with Fruits,

Chicken and Ham,

Mutton with Greens and Roots,

Mint and roast Lamb.

There *Pain's* * rich Pigeon Pye,

Here Ducks in Gravey swim,

Tarts of Variety,

Cheese-cakes of Cream.

Fit Cook for a Noble,

And dish'd with an Air,

Saves you the Trouble

To ask what they are.

Her Wine like rich *Burgundy*,

Pleasant and clear;

Ale better none can be;

Charming Small-Beer.

Knives might for Razors pass,

Linen pure White,

Salts like a Looking-Glass,

Pewter as bright.

* The Gentlewoman who made it.

Rooms

Rooms little, close, and warm,

Neat, pray suppose,

Beds which a Lord might charm

To soft Repose.

Useful Furniture,

Bottom and Top,

Except for Extinguisher,

Poker and Mop.

Oh! the Delight of *Cley*,

Happy old Dame,

Men of Divinity

To entertain!

Each Meal was sanctify'd

By a black Gown,

Amen, we all reply'd,

Bow'd, and sat down:

And the old Landlord

Full fraught with kind Care,

Will for one fingle Word

Lend his old Mare.

Then

Then *W*ait's an active Lass,
 Stranger to Guilt, can't loose her from the Arms of safe Tranquillity.

Ready to wait,

This *H*and presents a Glass,
 Ev'ry new Day her with new Blessings bless.

That a clean Plate.

In short, nought lacking is to delight you.

To my old Landlady's these Lines invite you.

She knows the Power she serves fix'd in Decree,

And transient Changes unregarded be :

*O*n *S*tella

*W*hen Wit and Innocence are sweetly join'd,

What blooming Joy fill the Possessor's

Virtues shine forth in brightest Excellence,

And plead her Cause with moving Influence.

Each *W*ith is crown'd by Heaven's all-bounteous

Kept ev'ry Passion under strict Command.

Ev'ry Virtue that does enlarge the Mind,

In the fair Casket of her Breast you find,

Deep-rooted in the operating Soul,

Whose vast Expansion spreads from Pole to Pole.

Stranger

Stranger to Guilt, can't breathe an anxious Sigh !
 Rest in the Arms of safe Tranquillity.
 Ev'ry new Day her with new Blessings greets,
 Kind Angels are her Guardians when she sleeps.
 She ne'er anticipates Mishap thro' Fear,
 Grief and its Cause her Mind is taught to bear :
 She knows the Power she serves fix'd in Decree,
 And transient Changes unregarded be :
 Her steadfast Soul secures her Peace of Mind,
 Midst present Ills to worser Prospects join'd,
 No fruitless Murmur, no Heart-rending Sighs
 Drop from her Tongue, or in her Bosom rise,
 Passion, a Hell-born Fury, most severe
 To those who most indulge and cherish her,
 Nipt in the Birth, Wisdom her Force repel,
 And Virtue sinks her to her native Hell.
 A Mind resolv'd, by solid Good made gay,
 Blooming with Sweets, as Gardens are in May,
 Perpetuated Spring, her Graces warm,
 And keep each fragrant Virtue in full Charm :

Nor

Nor fears a Blast, while the fair-spreading Foughs
 Of peaceful Innocence the whole inclose.
 Shou'd that once fail, then guilty Fears wou'd rise,
 And, *Adam*-like, she'd lose her Paradise.

On STREPHON.

Propitious Heav'n, hear *Orintia*'s Pray'r;
 Make suff'ring *Strephon* your peculiar Care:
 Let not this grievous Sicknefs you have sent,
 Be unto Death, but as a Trial meant.
 Long may he act on this our earthly Stage,
 His Virtues may reform this vicious Age.
 If he but speak, the list'ning Winds rejoice,
 The Musick of the Spheres dwells in his Voice:

Had *Daphne*, when a Tree, but heard his Song,
 Each Bough, transported, wou'd have blefs'd his
 And never thought the Transformation long. }
Tongue,

Had he with *Paris* liv'd on *Ida*'s Plain,
Oenone for the last had known no Flame:

Both Sexes had obsequious Duty shewn,
 Thought him some God *incognito* come down.
 Had he a Fault, in Person or in Mind,
 With piercing Friendship I that Fault cou'd find.
Perfectly Perfect is the charming Youth,
 His Soul incapable of an Untruth;
 To me commenc'd a Friendship, and it were
 As chaste as Heav'n, and as that sincere.
 Prevent his Wishes, Fate, in being kind,
 Health, Affluence of Fortune; Peace of Mind;
 May the bright Object of his Vows be fair
 In Mind and Form as smiling Angels are,
 Of ev'ry Sweet, of ev'ry Joy possess'd,
 Then fall asleep, and find eternal Rest.

*An Occasional POEM (by Desire) in a
 Friend's Prayer Book.*

IF sinful Dust and Ashes dare appear
 Before Omnipotence, LORD, hear my Prayers

With fervent Love to thee my Breast inflame,
 Let all my Actions glorify thy Name.
 Guide thou my Tongue, from Errors free my Mind,
 There thy blest Will a kind Reception find.
 Out of thy Book my youthful Follies blot,
 Let all my gross Offences be forgot.
 May the rich Blood my gracious Saviour spilt,
 Wash my stain'd Soul, and free me from all Guilt.
 Refresh my Mind with thy all-saving Grace;
 LORD, let me see the Glories of thy Face;
 Receiv'd by Heav'n soon as from Earth set free,
 There sing thy Praise with holy Extasy.
Amen, O God, to all Eternity

On a Contemptuous State.

THOU Bane of Peace, Destroyer of Delight,
 Thou Death of Wit, and Converse that's
 Merit and Worth are useless in thy Sphere,
 Patience the only useful Virtue here.

The Mind's Endowment in Oblivion hide,
 Transform the noblest Truth to saucy Pride;
 Wisdom mere Arrogance, Honour absurd,
 Sublimity of Thought is Rage abhorr'd.
 To improve the Soul in Pray'r, is Loss of Time,
 And true Religion is esteem'd a Crime.
 Fine Thoughts pronounc'd with Angel's Elo-
 quence,
 Buffoonry, Stuff, idle Impertinence;
 Silence deem'd fullen, Speeches Insolence,
 A gen'rous open Mind becomes a Scorn,
 Large Comprehension isn't to be born;
 Were the expanded operating Mind,
 This self-informing Intellect confin'd,
 'Twou'd be as 'twere an animated Tree,
 A Piece of moveable Machinery;
 Act as by Force, and quite irrational,
 For Reason here is of no Use at all.
 The speculative Thought, with Sense acute,
 Contemptuous Fortune levels with the Brute:

But since the only mind here

But Heav'n views with pure impartial Eyes,
 And honours Virtue, tho' in poor Disguise.
 What matters then, tho' by the World condemn'd?
 The righteous Soul secures her God her Friend.

On the Times. Wrote during the late
REBELLION.

O Britain! once high-favour'd happy Isle,
 When Wealth with Peace, Freedom with
 Bless'd in thy Clime, in Product and in State, ^{Concord smile,}
 Strength, Courage, Conduct, did thy Natives wait.
 All *Europe* homag'd thy judicious Nod,
 Envy of Nations, Darling of thy God:
 But now how fall'n! how lost the glorious Beast!
 Abject, forlorn, Jest of the rival Host!
 Methinks I hear *Cato's* sententious Breath
 Cry Chains or Conquest, Liberty or Death:

To Arms, to Arms, unanimously
 As your Progenitors he bravely will
 Record can't shew a more illustrious Cause
 Religion, Liberty, and well-plann'd Laws
 Demand the Sword, and court you to the Field,
 To stab Rebellion, make proud Discord yield.

Now turn your Eyes on suff'ring Majesty,
 Pre-eminent in virtuous Degree

The general Father, anxious in Defence

Of publick Safety, at his Life's Expence :

In Danger eminent he stands confest,

The Crown is but a shining Grief at best :

Each Jewel weighs its treble Worth of Care;

The sacred Wearer much we should revere,

As Heaven's Viceroy, our anointed King,

Fly, British Worthies, fly to succour him.

Great self-existing God, in Mercy thou

Preserve thy Representative below

Speak Safety to him, and his Royal Line

Whilst Time meets Period, let his Issue shine :

And

And you ye Angels, Ministers of Light,
 Who to obey Omnipotence delight,
 Guard *Britain*, till the non-succeeding Night,
 Next those high Bless'd ones, happy most are those
 Who honest Courage, Faction dare oppose
 O! animating Thought, thrice envy'd Men,
 That to a Sword I cou'd transform my Pen
 Some memorable glorious Deed to do,
 Destroy the Treason, yet preserve the Foe,
 To juster Thoughts his stubborn Nature bend,
 Transform this Enemy to a faithful Friend;
 Strictly adhere to our Religious Laws,
 Turn Proselyte in Royal George's Cause,
 His Schemes to legal Justice sacrifice,
 Use all his Pow'r the State to aggrandize,
 Wake from Ambition as a frightful Dream,
 And pay glad Homage, where he wants to reign
 Extatic Thought! and since that cannot be,
 Wou'd they accept a Sacrifice from me,

Preparatives and proper Times, be given,
 To fill my Soul with stedfast hopes of Heaven,
 I'd be the Victim, see my Bosom bleed,
 My Thoughts suggest I'd glory in the Deed,
 Nor the fierce Pain extort a murr'ring Sigh,
 But shew them how a Woman dare to Dye,
 Dye like a Hero for the publick Good,
 Buy off their Ruin with my vital Blood.
 Yet why am I thus anxious for the State?
 It better wou'd become the Rich and Great.
 Tho' *England* triumphs, slender is my claim,
 My State and Slav'ry differ but in Name,
 No Rights, no Privilege, no fertile Land,
 My very Will subservient to Command.
 Need there these Motives to excite a Flame?
 What'ere my State, *Britannia's* still the same,
 Dear to my Soul, as Infants witty Prate
 To a fond Mother, think how dear is that.
 Then thus to dye, perhaps it wou'd be said,
Oenobia was a brave Heroick Maid;

Love

Love to her Country was severely try'd,
 Honour'd it living, then its Martyr dy'd.
 This, or this not, merits but small Regard,
 Generous Virtue is its own Reward.
 'Tis here I fix, God's Glory shou'd
 Be the grand Aim of Breath;
 Second to that the General Good;
 Then meet Reward in Death.

To ELVIRA *not knowing the Cause of her
 own Uneasiness.*

THESE find *Elvira* wrapt in deep Distress,
 Your self not knowing why this Wretched-
 Now trembling sighs, then sheds a silent Tear,
 'Till now strange Anguish, agitating Fear
 Breaks thro' your Soul, but yet the Cause can't find
 Why this vast Whirl of Passion swells your Mind.
 The Secret's mine, nor be amaz'd nor doubt,
 I have pierc'd your Soul, and know your inmost
 [Thought.
 A

A Chaos-like Confusion fills your Breast;
 And thoughts in Embryo kill your wonted Rest;
 You Wish, yet know not where your Wishes aim,
 Quite Ignorant of Guilt, yet Guilt's your Bane;
 Enigma to yourself, to me how clear,
 Too plain the Cause and the Effect, I fear.
 On Danger's utmost Eminence you stand,
 Where Love and tempting Ruin bears Command;
 Fly, fly for Shelter to Religion's Arms,
 Or fall a Victim to their Magic Charms:
 Trust me, *Elvira*, your distemper'd Mind
 Requires Care, with Resolution joyn'd,
 To take the bitter purifying Pill
 Of Self-denial, just Restraint of Will,
 Of rigid Virtues operating Skill.
 Think not by Force the stronger to oppose,
 Love, Love and *Phaon* are resistless Foes.
 With Eyes impartial search your peaceless Mind,
 In its most deep Recess you'll *Phaon* find;

Oh! tear him thence, for there he's Virtue's Food,
 Tho' in himself all fragrant Virtues grow.
 Was there no Barr, all might your Flame approve,
 Few of that Sex, like *Rhaon*, merit Love.
 Since fair *Aurelia* has receiv'd his Vows,
 He Prides, he Glories in his charming Spouse,
 You knowing this, gave me this vast Surprise,
 When first I read the Passion in your Eyes,
 Love made it's fierce Incursions on your Rest,
 Like a fell Tyrant ravag'd o'er your Breast;
 Peace, Freedom, Joy, were exil'd from your Heart,
 And sweet Content had orders to depart;
 Passion and Sorrow fill'd the spacious Mold,
 Which the fair Soul's OEconomy destroy'd,
 The guiltless Cause the gathering Storm appear'd,
 Passion subside'd, Meagre Grief seem'd pleas'd,
 Each common Word was Musick from his Tongue,
 Your Eyes, nay Heart, shed Transport when he sung,
 All

All this I saw, and begg'd you to retire
 You ask'd the Cause, surpriz'd at the desire
 I promis'd to inform you when away.

With some Emotion you were pleas'd to say,

" No, I'll know first, or I'll for ever stay."

I chose in gentle Numbers to declare

The Cause, I begg'd the Absence of the Fair:

" I'm anx'ious for your Peace, your Virtue's sure,

" Scarce Angels Purity itself more pure;

" The Conflict o'er, 'twill envy'd Merit be,

" Some rich Reward must Crown such Piety,

" Your Virtue, Wisdom, Brav'ry all be shewn,

" Which, but for Tryal, never had been known;

" The smac'd Gold is tortur'd from all Taint,

" Just as Temptation purifies the Saint.

" A Conquest o'er Ourselves is greater far,

" Than vanquishing the Globe by dint of War;

" I know that Glory's yours, shall joy to find,

" That Suffering adds Perfection to your Mind.

My

- My most exalted Wishes you attend,
• It prides me much, to sign myself your Friend,

ORINTHIA.

*To a Young Gentleman who promis'd to send
a Poem.*

FLY, fly, ye Lines, thro' Britain's spacious
Nor dare to rest till in R—w's Hand,

When there, ask why his Verse fair Truths Record,

If he the Author, dare to break his Word?

Unask'd, he promis'd the wish'd Lines to send,

To his believing new-acquainted Friend.

Almira's Sentiments of a Single Life.

THE Young *Almira*, Nature's studious Care,

Perhaps the Fairest 'mongst a thousand

By grave *Amanda* had a Visit paid,

The Matron thus address'd the Blooming Maid.

Greatly

Greatly, *Almira*, you may Wonder raise, my M.

Much have I heard, but you transcend all Praise;

Wealth's Gay Imbellishments your Charms im-
[prove,

As you command Esteem, you merit Love.

Why then, no Pity for the Pain you give?

Smile on the happy Youth, and bid him live.

To Marriage Honours a due Deference paid,

In once Obeying, you're the more Obey'd.

These are my Sentiments on *Hymen's* State;

But Sense like yours, can best determinate.

ALMIRA.

That I'm your Wonder is my great Surprise!

Spare Praise, good Madam, see my Blushes rise;

Shou'd I bid Live, in Life's departing Hour,

Or Dye in Health, who wou'd confess my Pow'r?

I'm not Ambitious of the Honours shewn

To *Hymen's* State, since happy in my own;

That an uncertain, certain Comfort this,

I with no Augmentation of my Bliss

As the Matron thus address'd the Blooming Maid.

Greatly

As you've observ'd, (I thank the Powers Divine,)
 An easy Independency is mine;
 Thro' which I Life enjoy from Care exempt,
 But pleasing him who all these Blessings sent,
 Peace, Freedom, Joy uninterrupted flow,
 No black Anxiety in Life I know;
 Why change this State Wisdom to me adapts?
 Give an Experienc'd Good for a Perhaps;
 Oh why, give up a State so full of Bliss?
 Or change for Whys and Wherefores, I do
 Your asking Pardon, me improves.

The MORNING WALK.

E'RE Sol's warm Rays exhale the Dew,
Maria left her Bed,
 Gay Nature's verdant Charms to view
 In the adjacent Mead.

K

She

She call'd to bid fair *Hannab* rise,

The Pleasure to partake,

Who peep'd at her with half-ope'd Eyes,

Her Sense not half awake.

HANNAH.

What can you want! how came you here!

Maria, is it thee?

I pr'ythee Pardon me, my Dear,

I did not rightly see.

MARIA.

Your asking Pardon, me reproves,

'Twas I that did intrude;

But betwixt Friends that dearly love,

Esteem not Freedom rude.

Let us a gay Excursion make

O'er yonder flow'ry Plain;

This I intreat for Friendship's sake;

Let me not ask in vain.

HANNAH.

HANNAH.

Maria ask, and I refuse!
 Strange Lesson, yet untaught;
 Whose Choice is what my self wou'd chooise,
 Had I so quick a Thought.

HANNAH.

From her soft downy Bed she rose,
 With an Obliging Haste,
 Quitting the Sweets of dear Repose,
 The Morning Air to taste.

MARIA.

'Twas now the Purple East was dress'd,
 With Gold bespangl'd bright;
 The Sun adorn'd in all his Best,
 The Virgins to delight.

At their Approach the Feather'd Choir,
 Ambitious to excell,
 Sang sweeter Notes than *Orpheus*' Lyre,
 Which sooth'd the Fiends of Hell.

A verdant Vest gay Nature clad,

Regaling Zephyrs sport;

Their Virgin Beauty made all glad,

All deem'd their Smiles to court.

H A N N A H.

What various Charms this Prospect yields !

Maria, what Delight !

Sure these are the *Elysian* Fields,

Of which the Poets write.

M A R I A.

My Friend conjectures not amiss,

All's *Paradisiack* here;

And to convince us that it is,

Two Demi-gods appear.

Hannah, I tremble at the View !

What means this sudden Start ?

The one wears such a Godlike Hue,

He lords it o'er my Heart.

Death

Death to my Peace! they move this Way;

Can I my Blushes hide?

Pardon my Weakness, *Hannah*, pray,

Nor let thy Wisdom chide.

HANNAH.

Their Hesitation gives us leave

Uncensur'd to return.

The kind Proposal makes you grieve,

You seem resolv'd to mourn.

Your Pulse with sudden Passion beats

Irregular and high:

Can Love transmute these sudden Heats?

Love dwells not in the Eye.

Love must be founded on Esteem,

Esteem on known Desert;

'Tis true intrinsic Worth I deem

Most worthy of the Heart.

MARIA.

All this is true, pathetick Truth,

But my prophetick Mind

Tells, in the Soul of that dear Youth,

All's Great and Good, I find.

HANNAH.

Unspotted Truth shines in his Eyes,

Bright Wisdom in his Air,

Religion's self is there compriz'd,

Or could he look so rare?

No more, they're here—Be still, fond Heart,

Thy foolish Tears dismiss,

For *Hannah's* Frowns will make thee smart,

If thou behav'st amiss.

ALMANDER.

All Hail, celestial Forms of Light,

Who deign to bless this Earth;

All Nature brightens at the Sight,

But dare not claim your Birth.

MARIA.

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Say, ye bright Messengers of Fate,
Our Mighty what's to come :
You've Power to determinate
Us happy or undone.

HANNAH.

Flattery, of Truth the hated Bane,
My Soul's taught to despise :
Know, tho' it charms the Weak and Vain,
It much affronts the Wise.

MARIA.

The Appellation of Divine
We've now receiv'd from you ;
Obey this strict Command of mine,
Bid instantly Adieu.
They bow'd, obey'd.—Said *Hannah*, now
Like Heav'n you're obey'd.

MARIA.

No, *Hannah*, tho' I bid them go,
I'd rather they had staid.

HANNAH.

What! by Obedience disoblige d?

Repent of the Deceit:

And when by *Strepbon* next besieg d,

Command not his Retreat.

MARIA.

No more, but let us homeward move,

A sweet Repast to take;

Then sleep to dream of *Strepbon's* Love,

And never more awake.

On the MARRIAGE of a Friend.

A Coept, dear Friend, this well-affected Lay,
This tuneful Tribute to your Worth I pay:

The Wish sincere, the ardent fond Desire,

That ev'ry Joy be yours your Loves inspire;

All,

All, all the Blessings *Hymen* can bestow,
In lavish Bounty be presented you;
A cheerful Satisfaction crown your State,
And be your Bliss as permanent as great.

*On a Gentlewoman who took great Pains to
incense her Friend against her.*

CRUEL *Olympia*! to asperse my Fame,
And throw black Odiums on my spotless
Inhuman Barbarism you intend,
Thus to detract me to my greatest Friend.
Premeditated Spite, malignant Hate,
What have I done thus to exasperate
Splenetick Satire, vengeful foul Disgrace?
For once be gen'rous, speak it to my Face.
A long, long Catalogue of direful Sin,
Such as I hope my Soul's no Partner in;
Excepting Murder, can you name one Crime,
But your officious Tongue has call'd it mine?

You're

You're one of those of whom Great *David* sung,
 Asp's strongest Poison broods beneath your Tongue.
 You've sure been long my most invet'rate Foe,
 When Pomp of Words did strictest Friendship shew.
 You thro' the Yellow of a Jaundic'd Eye,
 See (tho' untainted) me in your own Dye.
 That I have many Faults is but too true,
 But, cruel Woman, I ne'er injur'd you.
 You lose the Deference due to your Degree,
 I pity you, you stoop to envy Me.
 You know my Character secures my Bread,
 Must suffer Want when that bright Gem is fled.
 Wou'd it mend your State to see me thus distress'd,
 Of Rayment, Food, and Friends and Fame bereft?
 Of what's your Soul compos'd, that pleas'd cou'd see
 Me lost in your rais'd Storm of Misery?
 But shou'd I fall, your Spite I'd contradict,
 By rather suff'ring Wrongs than Wrongs inflict,
 But 'gainst your Malice I've a strong Defence,
 One Barricade, my conscious Innocence.

On FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, thou common Word, rarest of
 Great: *Cowley* writes, There's fewer Friends
 Ev'ry Tongue can babble forth its Name; ^{[Things:}
 One Soul in Thousands don't the Thing contain. ^{[than Kings.}
 That must be noble to a high Degree,
 Abound in Truth and Generosity,
 A liberal, open, disinterested Mind,
 All resolutely good and gently kind;
 Wou'd have his Power commanded by his Friend,
 His Gifts receiv'd, all other Joys transcend:
 To keep one Joy he strait commences Thief,
 Niggard in nothing but dispensing Grief.
 The Friend traduc'd, his Care rubs off the Stain,
 Uses all Efforts to protect his Fame:
 His self he but esteems his second Part,
 The Friend has strongest Int'rest in his Heart:

If great Necessity require he shou'd,
 Wou'd heal his Wounds with Balm of his Blood.
 If such strong Faith this Title must attend,
 Where find we one deserv'dly call'd a Friend?
 'Tis difficult, indeed, to find one true,
 But for pretended ones they're not a few,
 Will strongly claim under a false Pretence,
 Whilst dear Self-Interest governs ev'ry Sense
 From Motives vile, some gracious Acts proceed,
 And we, mistaken, judge them by the Deed,
 Make by these guileful Means their Int'rest strong,
 And give them Pow'r the Innocent to wrong.

*On hearing the Duke of CUMBERLAND
 had defeated the Rebels.*

STOP, stop this Torrent of extatick Joy,
 Left its Overflow this happy Land destroy;
 Oh for more Breathing room, the World's too small!
 Its rapid Force will more than Deluge all:

Reason,

Reason, thy Aid, to moderate my Bliss,
 'Ere I expire in the profound Abyss.

CUMBERLAND!

That Name the City, Vales and Woods resound,
 Its ev'ry Letter has a Martial Sound.
 Fame, blow thy Trump, sound loud his high Re-
 Thro' jarring Nations, reach the Triple Crown:
 Say, of more Conquests *Britons* can't distrust,
 With such a Leader in a Cause so just,
 Ne'er blest was any Country, any Land,
 With such a Gen'ral as our CUMBERLAND.
 You'll say, there's *Cæsar*, and great *Philip's* Son,
 Ah! but Thirst of Pow'r drove those Victors on,
 Far Nobler Motives draw our Hero's Sword,
 He'd be the World's Deliverer, not its Lord.
 Sought with intrepid Vigilance the Foe,
 His Road to Glory lay thro' Mounts of Snow:
 The Followers caught the animating Fire,
 His generous noble Conduct did inspire.

The

The Battle's Plan, the private Orders giv'n;
 Speak him in Wisdom near ally'd to Heaven:
 Grim Slaughter issu'd from his Princely Sword,
 And Conquest seem'd dependent on his Word.
 When Death stalk'd forth amongst the Rebel
 Was more and more Voracious as he Slew, ^{[Crew,}
 By theirs his Nature more rapacious grew. [}]
 Others with great Precipitation run,
 From the triumphant Sword of George's Son.
 Be always, O Great God, his sure Defence,
 And stamp on him the Seal of Providence;
 Let this record, and future Ages tell,
 Glory's top Height he Soar'd, nor ever Fell.

On Dressing the Soul for the Sacrament.
 Desir'd by a Friend.

THIS Morn I am to feed on Bread Divine,
 My Soul must in her Wedding Garments
 Salvation deck her Head, (O Crown most rare!) ^{[Shine.}
 True Faith must shield her from rude blasts of Air;
 Attention,

Attention, the fair Pendant to each Ear,
 And Righteousness her shining Solitair :
 Her Waist begirt with pure Veracity,
 Buckled, Inrich'd with Hope and Piety.
 Knots of pure Charity adorn her Breast,
 Whose radiant Lustre Sparkles o'er the rest.
 Her curious Fan, the precious Word of G o d,
 Her Feet with ready Preparation Shod :
 Rob'd in white Innocence, Embroider'd fine
 With humble Joy, meek Peace, and Love Divine :
 Thus high-adorn'd to pay her solemn Vows,
 She hopes a Welcome from her Heav'nly Spouse.

F I N I S.

Attention, the fair Pendant to each Ear,
 And Righteousness her shining Solitaire;
 Her Waist begirt with pure Veracity,
 Buckled, laced with Hope and Piety,
 Knees of pure Charity adorn her Breast,
 Whole radiant Lustre Sparkles o'er the rest,
 Her curious Fan, the precious Word of God,
 Her Feet with ready Preparation shod;
 Rob'd in white, Embroider'd fine
 With humble Love, and Love Divine;
 Thus high-adorn'd to pay her solemn Vows,
 She hopes a Welcome from her Heavenly Spouse.



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